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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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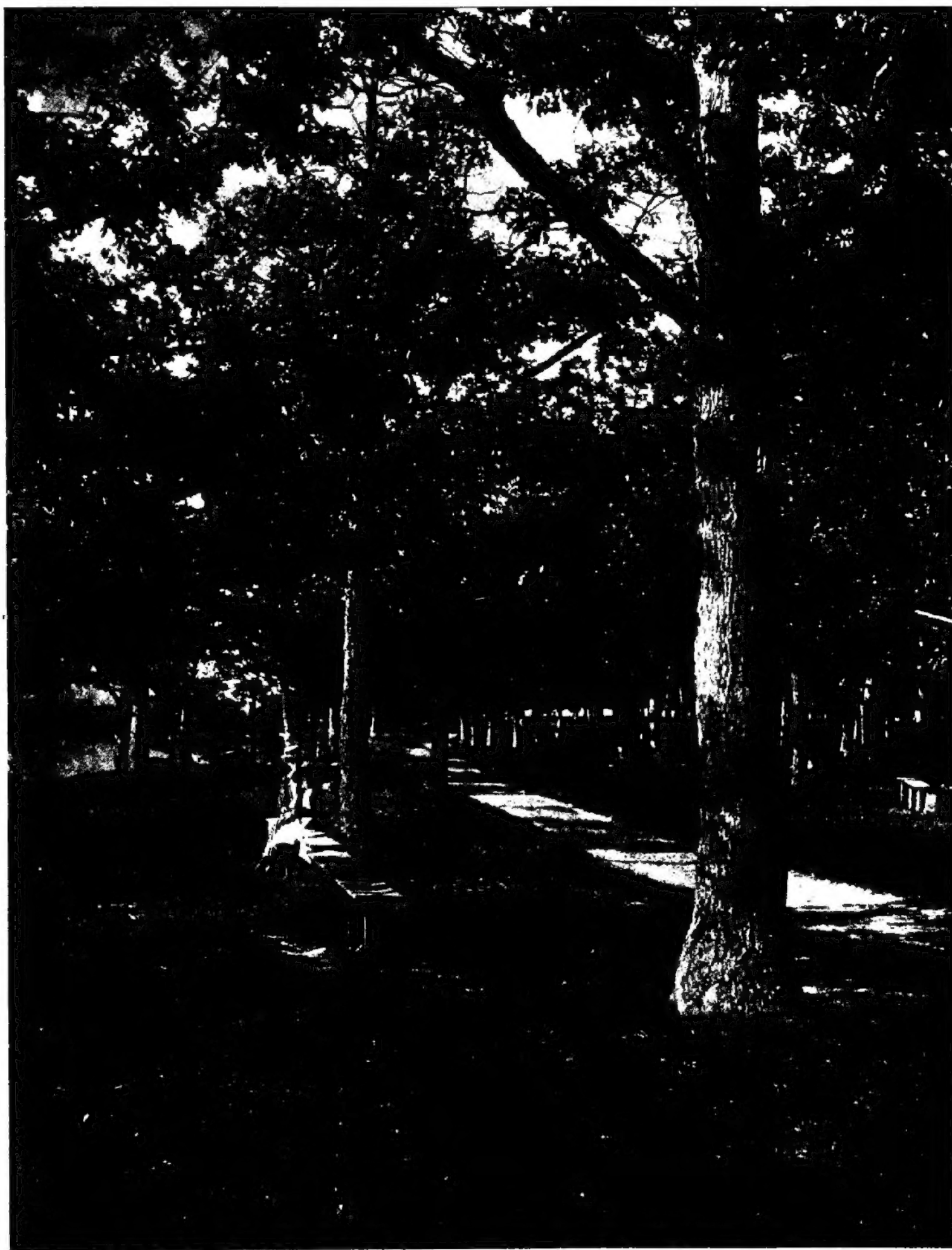
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(REGISTERED.)

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PARADISE GROVE, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

(F. D. Manhee, photo., Toronto Am. photo. Ass.)



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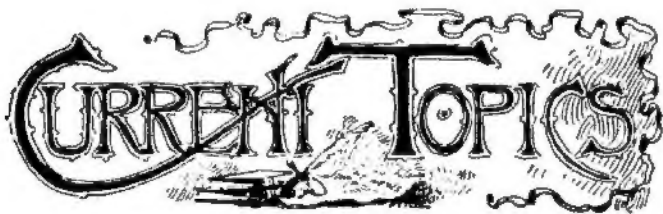
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While the native and French fishermen are quarrelling over the spoils of the Newfoundland fisheries, one very important fact has been, to a large extent, lost sight of. That fact is the gradual decline of the fisheries through the long continued destruction of immature fish, the use of unfit traps, and, generally, the lack of due protection. This is a serious question, and it is well to see that the island authorities have at last undertaken to deal with it in a manner proportionate to the interests involved. The engagement of an expert, Mr. Adolph Nielson, as Fisheries Superintendent, in conformity with the recommendation of the Fisheries Commission, has already been attended with good results. One of Mr. Nielson's first acts, after his arrival at St. John's, was to prepare a specification for a cod hatchery, the erection of which on Dildo Island was commenced in April last. It is said to be capable of producing two hundred millions of codfish in a season. A lobster hatchery has been established at the same place. At the same time more stringent provisions have been made for the protection of the young fry.

The record kept by the local managers of the Merchants Bank of the condition of the farming class in their respective districts—a plan of acknowledged usefulness, originally suggested by Mr. George Hague, of this city—has placed at the disposal of the public a mass of really valuable information. These reports, which cover the three central provinces of the Dominion, show that, though Canadian agriculture has not escaped the ill effect of widespread depressing influences, it has, on the whole, suffered less than might have been expected, less than other parts of the continent, and less than many Canadians have been led to believe. As in other walks of industry, much has depended on individual character and conduct. Where the right qualities were exercised and the proper means used, even in the most depressed districts there were instances of gratifying prosperity. Migration also had its share in giving a semblance of retrogression to what was simply a transfer of wealth from one part of the country to another. Altogether there is no reason for despair; if we take a comparative view, there is even some cause for congratulation.

Satisfaction is felt at the *personnel* of the Commission appointed by the Government to examine the plans for the improvement of the harbour of this city. It will consist of Col. Gzowski, C.E.,

A.D.C. to the Queen, Toronto; Mr. John Page, Chief Engineer of the Department of Canals, Ottawa; Mr. Walter Shanly, C.E., M.P., as consulting engineer, and Mr. Norman Rielle, C.E., as secretary. The Commission is to make a thorough investigation of the whole subject, and report with as little delay as possible.

The bill to extend the operations of the *modus vivendi* between Canada and the United States, as to the fisheries question, introduced by Sir John Thompson, contains (in addition to the reenactment of the former arrangement) a provision that the fees for licenses and the conditions upon which they shall be issued shall be determined by the Governor in Council as well as a clause providing that all licenses issued by the Government of Newfoundland for similar purposes to those granted by the Canadian licenses shall be valid in Canadian ports whenever licenses issued by the Dominion of Canada shall be valid for such purposes in the ports of Newfoundland.

The race of poets is not the only *genus irritabile*. The greatest naturalist of our day has recorded his displeasure at the wrangling of the Zoological Society, the members of which he found "snarling at each other in a manner anything but like that of gentlemen." Painters and musicians are alike mortal in their failings and fallings-out. Mr. Frith tells a story of two brother academicians who quarrelled, while members of the Hanging Committee, over the choice of pictures and never spoke to each other for thirty years—that is, till death did them part. Even valiant soldiers have been known to give to squabbling the energies that should have been devoted to their country's defence. One might naturally expect that if any fraternity would be above the pettiness of vulgar jealousy, it would be the small but noble army of great explorers. But here, too, as we know from more than one unhappy controversy, the spirit of the Grand Turk too often prevails. Perhaps, the untimely provocations of the ubiquitous interviewer are to blame for the sharp things touching his brother traveller that have been ascribed to Mr. Stanley since his return to civilization. In any case, they are probably exaggerated. But that some feeling of an unamiable nature exists between him and Emin Pasha is unhappily placed beyond doubt by his own letters. The manner in which the former is said to have unburdened his mind to the correspondent of the New York *Herald* at Brindisi is hardly worthy of his reputation. To the ex-Governor of the Equatorial Province he seems to have an antipathy that finds expression on the slightest opportunity. Possibly he has had good reason to be annoyed at the man whose life he saved, but it is hardly dignified to be assailing him in such a fashion. A like incompatibility of temper seems to have made the companionship of Speke and Burton anything but pleasant.

It is not often that Canadian enterprise is complimented by an American voice. When such a prodigy comes to pass, Captain Cuttle's prescription is in order. It appears that Mr. William Pierson Judson, the eminent civil engineer, has been counselling the Washington Government to build a new Niagara ship canal for the purpose both of defence and commerce. By way of stimulating the authorities, he directs their attention to the admirable canal system of Canada, by which a saving of 315 miles can be secured over the New

York route between the West and Liverpool. That Canada's liberal policy has already borne good fruit Mr. Judson makes clear by showing the increase in the percentage of the grain and flour trade that has fallen to her lot during the last nine years. In showing the advantages that the United States would derive from his proposed Niagara ship canal, he indicates how that very project might be made virtually subsidiary to the Canadian canals. A twenty foot canal that would pass the great upper lake steamers to Lake Ontario would simply place their cargoes on the St. Lawrence route, provided a sufficient sum were expended on the deepening of the St. Lawrence system. There are, he thinks, certain physical and financial obstacles in the way of this alternative, though he does not pretend that the former are insuperable, and he only suggests the latter as a policy of reprisal. At any rate, he considers his Niagara ship canal as the logical sequence of the St. Clair Flats Canal and warns his Government that if it refuses to take his advice, the United States "may as well surrender its commercial supremacy at once to more enterprising Canada."

The recently published statement of the fire insurance business of Canada shows some interesting results. In 1869—when returns were first made public—the amount of the risks carried was \$188,360,000, which at the end of ten years had increased to \$407,300,000, and last year had grown to \$666,700,000. The net cash premiums paid has grown in the twenty years from \$1,785,539 to \$5,587,690—the percentage of premium to the amount insured rising in the first decade from 1.05 to 1.26 and declining in the latter, to 1.19. For a few years before the great St. John fire of June, 1877, the Canadian companies had the bulk of the business (\$230,000,000), but after that disastrous event their risks fell considerably. They have since advanced, however, and now stand at \$158,500,000. The twenty-one British companies control about two-thirds of the total business (\$450,952,000). The American companies have been prospering fairly in recent years. Their risks last year made a total of \$57,275,000. The assets of the Canadian companies exceed the liabilities (capital stock excluded) by \$2,190,176; the British, by \$7,808,874, and the American, by \$782,538. In excess of income over expenditure the companies stood as follows: British, \$1,232,315; American, \$119,670; Canadian, \$64,422.

When we speak of history repeating itself, it is not, unhappily, the most halcyon phases of it that generally suggest the parallel. We are reminded by certain incidents in the Separate Schools controversy now raging in Ontario, of passages at arms between the Chief Superintendent of Education and certain ecclesiastics and statesmen when the system was inaugurated some forty years ago. In Quebec a system which is, except in a few minor points, that which the late Bishop de Charbonnel recommended for Upper Canada, has been found to work fairly well, for the simple reason that it adapts the public school plan to the circumstances of our complex population. The majority in every case is satisfied, and the instances of injustice to a minority that is earnestly desirous to have educational privileges are few and far between. The teachers, however, are far too often wretchedly paid.



## NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is no new thing to hear rumours of discontent in Newfoundland. The "French Shore" question has been for nearly a century a source of controversy and dissatisfaction, and the attempts that have hitherto been made to settle it seem to have intensified rather than appeased the wrath of our insular neighbours. Certainly the latest *modus vivendi* has had an effect on the popular mind which is the reverse of tranquillizing. It may be recalled that about the middle of March the Newfoundland Legislature was startled by a message from the Governor announcing the receipt of a despatch by cable from the Colonial Office relative to the lobster fishery. Something of the kind had been looked for, as it was known that the French and English Governments had been negotiating on the subject, and it was with quickened expectancy that the House listened to Sir William Whiteway, as he read the document. But disappointment fell upon the hearers as they learned its purport and disappointment soon gave place to indignation. The arrangement arrived at was that, during the ensuing season, the question of principle and respective rights should be reserved on both sides, and that the condition of things prevailing on the 1st of July, 1889, should meanwhile continue, there being no modification in the position of the citizens of either power, save that they might move their establishments to any spot to which the commanders of both naval stations might give their sanction. No lobster fisheries not existing at the date specified should be permitted unless by the same joint authority. Moreover, for each new lobster fishery so permitted to the subject of one country, the fishermen of the other might have a similar privilege on a spot settled by like joint agreement. In case of competition, the commanders were to proceed to the locality and settle the point in dispute. It is distinctly understood that this arrangement is only provisional.

On the *modus vivendi* being read, the Premier lost no time in moving resolutions rejecting it. The Assembly, it was urged, had heard with surprise and alarm the message of the Governor containing the despatch from the Imperial authorities, on whose assurances reliance had been placed that the fishery rights of the islanders should not be interfered with, except with the consent of the colony. The law advisers of the Crown had again and again declared themselves averse to the French claim of a right to participate in the lobster fishery, and confiding in the strength of their position under the treaties, the people of Newfoundland had invested considerable capital in the erection of lobster factories on the coast and for other improvements. The permission given to France by the *modus vivendi* to erect factories was a practical recognition of rights which had no existence, and as the French fishermen were to be allowed to import all necessary articles duty free, it was clear that the interests of the British lobster fisheries were gravely imperilled. The Assembly, therefore, solemnly protested against such an agreement as a serious invasion of Newfoundland's rights, fishing and territorial. The Opposition only differed from the Government in regarding the protest as insufficiently emphatic; but, after several amendments had been proposed, Sir William Whiteway's resolutions were carried. The Legislative Council followed the example without delay, and the resolutions were at once forwarded

to the Governor to be despatched to England by cable.

The excitement throughout the colony has been intense. The press has voiced the indignation of the public. It is felt that the vital resources of the people have been sacrificed by the Mother Country for the sake of conciliating a foreign power. The assurance, appended to the *modus vivendi*, that the arrangement is purely provisional is looked upon as deceptive, as once the French have established themselves on that basis, it will be virtually impossible to dislodge them afterwards, and the islanders will have no choice but to submit to an intolerable aggression. The more the people examined the document, the more obnoxious it became. It was in every sense objectionable. It gave to aliens privileges—for the French would have no duty to pay, while the Newfoundlanders would have to pay duty on all that they imported—that were denied to British subjects and put an interdiction on native enterprise.

The agitation spread rapidly over the island. St. John's led the way by a series of meetings, ending in a mass meeting in Bannerman Hall. The resolutions passed on this occasion were a most outspoken and thorough-going assertion of the colony's rights to every inch of ground on the island. The disastrous effect of the enforcement of France's claims was shown forth in unmistakable language, and the instruments on which they are based were denounced as framed solely with regard to the exigencies of the United Kingdom and without respect to the condition of affairs that time was sure to bring about in Newfoundland. Finally it was resolved that no arbitration or other arrangement would be accepted which was not founded on the total extinction of France's claims to territorial or maritime rights in the island.

That this meeting and these resolutions were not the fruit of mere popular clamour is evident from the names of those who participated in the one and sanctioned the other. The bishops of the Roman Catholic Church and the clergy of all the other denominations are in entire sympathy with the movement, the earnestness of which cannot be doubted. But, while both parties and all classes of the people share in the indignation at what they deem an intolerable grievance, it is to be regretted that partisan spirit has split up the country and its representatives on the question of the Bait Act, the operation of which was clearly the best safeguard to Newfoundland's codfishery rights yet devised. It is equally to be regretted that a portion of the population have availed themselves of the protest against the *modus vivendi* to insinuate an annexation movement. It is needless to say that the annexation of Newfoundland to the United States would be simply disastrous to Canada. Where Newfoundland should have been during the last twenty years and more is in the Canadian Confederation. Its isolation is abnormal from every point of view. Vancouver would have far more justification for remaining apart, and after the admission of Prince Edward Island, there was no excuse for Newfoundland's obstinacy. As a part of the Dominion, it would have its local independence unimpaired—on a securer basis, in fact, than at present—while, as for the "French shore," our central Government could deal with the Mother Country on that question, through our Commissioner in London, far more effectively than the island authorities have done or can ever expect to do.

## THE CANADIAN ROUTE TO THE EAST.

By way of sequel to the article of Mr. Douglas Sladen, which we published in our last issue, we reprint the following communication from his pen which appeared in the *Japan Gazette* (Yokohama) of the 15th March last:

Being patriotic English, we determined to select the C. P. R. for our route to the Far East, and we have not done it hurriedly, as will be seen from the fact that we left Montreal as far back as September, 1889. A twelve hours' journey brought us from New York to Quebec, and certainly we have been amply repaid. I don't know where I have seen a place historically so romantic, and so beautiful in nature and architecture as Quebec. We took the lower C. P. R. line from Montreal to Toronto, and, leaving the line for a journey of an hour or two at Smith's Falls, were able to reach the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the most beautiful piece of placid inland water scenery that can be imagined, bearing the same relation to mountain stream and waterfall that Kent bears to Invernessshire. From Montreal we had gone up the river by train and shot the rapids, an appalling experience, and from Toronto we explored Lake Ontario and visited Niagara—the most impressive thing I ever saw in my life. Most people are disappointed with Niagara, it is said. I was not. I did not expect the fall to look four thousand feet high, and this country along the St. Lawrence is not only the garden of Canada but is historical as no other part of America is from Quebec to Frontenac (Kingston) and "muddy little York" (Toronto). But the attractions of our journey had only just begun; for from Toronto we trained it to Owen Sound and found ourselves on the broad waters of Lake Huron, whence a day later we passed through the beautiful Sault River and its gigantic lock, the largest in the world, into Lake Superior, the largest in the world. The C. P. R. steamers are very fine sea boats, and they have need to be, for the lake storms are terrific—but increased facilities in the way of decks and drinks would be an advantage. Lake Superior is not a very inspiring lake to cross until one gets to Thunder Cape, looking like the ram of a monstrous ironclad. Less than a day's rail from Lake Superior we entered the prairie, and for three days' journey one encounters nothing but prairie, enlivened with exquisite flowers in spring, but in the fall with nothing but antelopes and coyotes and wolves and the bones of bisons. We were glad to have the opportunity of seeing Winnipeg, that city of the plains which in the few and sorrowful years of its existence has contrived to collect 30,000 inhabitants and to become one of the great railway centres of the continent. It is one of the most typical cities of the New West. It has some fine buildings, but it is built right up out of the prairie, so that it is a regular slough of despond in wet weather. When it rains one sinks over one's ankles except when one is treading on a dog, of which the place has enough to supply a large Chinese city with butcher-meat. After Winnipeg we stayed at Banff, with its stately hotel, rivalling the great hotels of Florida or Saratoga, and commanding the magnificent scenery of the Bow Valley with its wall of snow-peaked mountains. All the world knows the photograph of this hotel and valley, one of the finest landscape photographs published. I called Banff, with such scenery and such an hotel, *the Rocky Mountains made easy for invalids*. Next we stopped at Field, to see the enormous mass of Mt. Stephen rising abruptly out of flat table-land and to shoot the snowy-fleeced mountain goat, as large and handsome as an antelope, fairly plentiful still on its slopes. And then we came to the Glacier House, which I expect will have a rush of travellers from England ere long. I don't know where its attractions end. The hotel is excellently kept, and situated in a sweet little nook in a deep valley forested from its bottom to its top, with a great glacier filling its head, and clearly visible and accessible from the hotel. All round it tower the giants of the Selkirks. The Hermit Mountain, Mount Macdonald, Mount Sir Donald, their monarch, Mount Cheops, Ross's Peak, etc. In its





THE HIGHLAND CADETS AT DRILL.  
(Hamilton, photo.)



NORWAY HOUSE, HUDSON BAY CO.'S TRADING POST AND FORT, LAKE WINNIPEG.  
(Photo, kindly supplied by Mr. R. La Touche Tupper.)



JAMES JOHNSON, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.  
(Topley, photo.)



glades and clearings there is a tropical wealth of vegetation, including the Canada lily, and I don't know how many kinds of ferns, while in the parallel valleys, and sometimes in the valley itself, one can be tolerably certain of getting a shot at a grizzly—and the fine Assulkan glacier with its great *mer-de-glace* is quite within a walk. After the Glacier House we stopped at Sicamon to fish and shoot deer round the exquisite Shushwap lakes, at Kamloops to see the ranching country, a favourite field for foreign investors who require a fine climate, and at North Bend to see the myriads of salmon, red with bruises, still forcing their way up river at this late season, distinctly visible in the water from the windows of the train as it dashed along. But it was worth while getting off to see the Indians standing on their frail platforms over the mad river, whisking them out with nets that looked like lacrosse bats.

Vancouver at last—less than four years old, with 16,000 people, interesting to all Englishmen as England's one great Pacific seaport on the mainland of North America, a city that must some day be as large as San Francisco, and giving the finest opportunities for investment in real estate of any place in the world. What a line this C. P. R. is! We have travelled 3,000 miles, and so easy is the motion and so good the sleeping and dining accommodation that we are less tired than we often have been by a journey from London to Edinburgh—they take such care for one's safety all the way through the mountains. A handcar travels about half an hour before every train to remove or give warning of obstacles; and equal care for one's amusement, because they have duplicate lines for summer to see the scenery running outside the snow sheds which guard the trains in winter.

Vancouver come, Vancouver past! We left Vancouver in the taut ship "Parthia." It was lucky that she was taut, for it was never fine enough to stay on deck from the day we left the Canadian shore till the day we sighted Japan. Her cabins and saloon are too far aft for the bottom end to be comfortable in bad weather, and her fittings do not belong to the same era as the "City of Paris" or even the P. and O. boats half a dozen years old, like the "Rome," the "Carthage" or the "Ballaarat;" but for all that I would rather travel in her, for she has big and clean cabins (for two persons only), and her officers know the difference between discipline and red tape, which it takes most sea officers such an eternity to learn. The Chinese cabin stewards also are an immense improvement on white men, because they take your orders instead of giving you theirs. The purser keeps them and the cook in excellent order. I never had better cuisine in all the voyages I have taken.

I need not describe the route beyond Yokohama, though we found it a great addition to our pleasure to be able to see Nagasaki, with its Hill of Temples and City of the Dead, and Shanghai with its queer Chinese town and stately European settlement. We should have been sorry to go by a line which made us miss Nagasaki and Shanghai, for these are places which the average traveller only takes *en route*.

### A NEW LIGHT.

The invention of Mr. William J. Norton is likely to be a dangerous rival of the electric light. He has invented what is alleged to be the cheapest light ever known, and yet "a light as intense and as accurate in its illumination of colours as the sun at noonday." It is claimed that a 500 candle-power light of the kind in question can be run at the nominal cost of a halfpenny an hour. The light in question is essentially a chemical discovery rather than a mechanical idea, and consists of a peculiar tape that is fed by a simple clockwork. While it is peculiarly adapted to street or other stationary purposes of illumination, yet it is said to be also applicable to portable or hand lamps, and in point of intensity it is not surpassed by electricity, its light is much softer, and far easier to the eyes. It feeds itself, requires neither pipes, wires nor other connections, and in size may be produced from 300 to 7,000 candle-power. It is absolutely non-explosive, emits no smoke or objectionable vapour, is applicable to any purpose, and can be handled with equal safety by a child as by an adult.

### THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 92.)

It was as yet uncertain what movement the enemy intended to make; whether it would be a combined one to overwhelm both provinces at once, or if the main force would be thrown on the Niagara frontier. On the 4th October General Van Rensselaer sent over a spy to the British side, who returned with the false statement that the British had moved on to Detroit with all the force that could be spared. On hearing this, General Van Rensselaer at once set about making preparations for an attack on Queenston Heights. The first attempt was made on the morning of the 11th, but through the neglect of the officers the boats were not ready. Early on the morning of the 13th the forces were again concentrated at Lewiston, opposite to Queenston Heights. At this place the river is scarcely a quarter of a mile in width, with a strong current and eddies; the part chosen for crossing was not fully exposed to the two batteries of the British, one an eighteen-pounder on the Heights above and a twenty-four pounder some distance below the town, while the American battery of two eighteen-pounders and two six-pounders completely covered the opposite shore, where musketry could be used in opposing a landing.

Everything being now ready, the troops quickly filled the thirteen boats provided and pushed off for the opposite shore, eager for the anticipated victory, and with the longing to see the stars and stripes float on the Heights, which rose in rich undulation from the shore to a broken and tortuous ascent of some 250 feet, where Brock's monument now stands. British sentries, seeing the movement of the enemy, quickly gave the alarm, and brisk fire was at once directed upon them, while Captain Dennis, of the 49th, who commanded at Queenston, at once went down towards the landing place with a small detachment of the 49th Grenadiers and militia and a three-pounder. Colonel Van Rensselaer had already landed with two hundred and twenty-five regulars, besides officers; he formed his men and waited the arrival of the next boats. Captain Dennis at once opened a well-directed fire upon them, killing and wounding several officers and privates and driving the enemy close to the water's edge. The remaining subdivisions of the 49th Grenadiers and of the militia, now joined Captain Dennis, while the 49th Light Infantry, under Captain Williams, stationed on the brow of the hill, commenced firing down upon the enemy. Shortly after, the well-known form of General Brock was discovered galloping along to the hill battery from Niagara. He had been aroused in the dawn of the morning by the ominous sound of the cannonade, and with his usual quickness of movement was on horseback and on his way to the scene of action before any one could follow him. About half way to Brown's Point he was met by Lieutenant Jarvis, of Captain Cameron's Flank Company of York Militia, which, with Captain Howard's, was stationed at what was called the "Half-moon Battery," midway between Queenston and Niagara. Lieutenant Jarvis' horse bore him past the General before he could succeed in stopping him, so he shouted to his chief to stop as he had most important news to tell him. But the General beckoned him to follow, as he was impatient to reach the scene of danger. Lieutenant Jarvis succeeded in gaining the General's side, and told him that the Americans had already landed at Queenston and were continuing to cross over in large numbers. Without lessening his speed, the General listened, and then gave his orders—that he should go to Fort George and order up Major-General Sheaffe with the whole of the reserve, and that the small party of Indians encamped near the fort should occupy the woods, while the reserve advanced to his support. On the way to Fort George Lieutenant Jarvis fell in with Colonel McDonnell, aide-de-camp to General Brock, and who, in his hurry to overtake him, had forgotten his sword. Hearing that the General was only a short distance in front, he begged Lieutenant Jarvis to lend him his sword, telling at the same time where he would find his own and asking him to make use of it for the day. And as he hurried after his

chief, little did the gallant Colonel dream that never again would his hand grasp the sabre left behind.

As soon as General Brock perceived the strong reinforcements crossing over, he at once ordered Captain Williams to descend the hill and support Captain Dennis. No sooner did the enemy observe the departure of the men than they resolved to capture the guns. Accordingly some of them who had landed higher up made their way to the Heights by an almost inaccessible fisherman's path, which had been reported to Brock as impassable. Firing a volley from the height above, which had with great difficulty been gained, the enemy made a rush for the one-gun battery. Completely taken by surprise, Brock and the twelve men who manned the battery, had quickly to retire.

Captain Williams and his men were at once summoned back, and General Brock, placing himself at the head of his force, amounting in all to one hundred strong, called out "Follow me." The men broke forth into loud cheering, while not a regular or militia man among them but felt ready to follow him and carry the heights now in possession of the enemy, who had by this time been strongly reinforced. Waving his sword aloft, Brock led his men on at double-quick time, and though raked by a heavy fire from the enemy's riflemen, who were posted among the trees on the summit, they pressed onward, animated by the sight of their beloved General at their head and the sound of his voice heard above the din of the firing. So the gallant little band swept onward. When suddenly one of the sharpshooters of the enemy, noticing the undaunted bearing of the leader of this band, advanced and, taking deliberate aim, fired, and Brock, the noble, the idol of the army, sank never again to rise. For a moment his men, paralyzed by their loss, paused; then, with loud cries of "Avenge the General!" they charged the enemy with such force as to compel them to spike the eighteen-pounder and retire from their position. But just at this time Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell, aide-de-camp to General Brock, who had on the fall of his chief led the men on to the attack, was fatally wounded, as well as Captain Williams, of the 49th. The loss of so many of their leaders dispirited the men and they retired to the outskirts of the village to wait for the expected reinforcements, leaving the Americans in possession of the hill, with the precipice at their backs and a foe in front, whose strength they knew must increase—a position of great danger, from which nothing could save them except a retreat or reinforcements, which latter Colonel Van Rensselaer had crossed back to Lewiston to hasten over to the support of their comrades. But these men, who a few days before were clamouring to be led to battle, now absolutely refused to go, making a paltry excuse of not wanting to leave their own country; and so their brave comrades on the opposite shore were left to their fate. In vain did Colonel Van Rensselaer plead and threaten by turns with these former "enraged democrats," whose ardour seemed now to have suddenly ended. Go they would not, and there was nothing for it but to send word to Major-General Wadsworth, whom he had left in command, about the state of affairs, and tell him to do whatever he thought best under the circumstances.

### RONDEAU.

Sweet violets, fresh washed with dew  
In their green leaves half hid from view;  
Beneath the forest trees they lie,  
Under the branches tossing high  
Against the springtime's sky of blue.

Of gold, and white, and purple hue,  
Peeping the hiding greenness through,  
Knowing their sweetness, yet half shy,  
Sweet violets!

Ever when springtime comes anew  
The violets come, forever true,  
Though plans may fail and sweet hopes die  
Where forest trees toss 'gainst the sky;  
We're sure in spring of finding you,  
Sweet violets!

Bill Nye says "the peculiar characteristic of classical music is that it is really so much better than it sounds."





**PARADISE GROVE, NIAGARA.**—The whole of the Niagara district so abounds in charms of scenery that there is virtually an *embarras de richesses*, both of the sublime and the beautiful. Of one spot in the vicinity of the Falls Miss Murray writes in "Picturesque Canada" that it is "richly wooded, interspersed with rocky mounds, leafy dells and moss-grown willows, shut in by great lichen-covered rocks—a perfect epitome of wild, natural beauty. . . . Beautiful even in summer, this favoured spot in spring is a perfect paradise of wild flowers and blossoming shrubs." To merit such a name a locality must be exceptionally rich in all that gives pleasure to the eye. But our readers will not deny that the scene in our engraving—even if we allow for the exaggeration of partiality—is extremely picturesque.

**THE HIGHLAND CADETS AT DRILL.**—The Highland Cadet Corps, composed of two companies of 50 rank and file each, was raised by the Adjutant of the 5th Battalion Royal Scots at the request of a number of youths and with the consent of their parents.—No. 1 Company to be composed of youths from 16 to 18 years of age, No. 2 of boys from 15 to 16 years, all of whom are engaged in offices or other business. The object of forming this Cadet Corps was with the hope of being attached to the battalion, and forming, as it were, a recruiting ground, from which eventually the ranks of the Royal Scots would be filled by well drilled young men. The conditions of membership are that each applicant must be of Scottish parentage or the sons of members of the Royal Scots. Each boy on joining has to sign a temperance pledge, agreeing to abstain in every way from liquor. He is expected to pay a monthly subscription of 10 cents and a deposit of \$5 towards the cost of uniform. The uniform is light grey tweed doublet, with black trimming, knickerbockers of the same material for winter or undress wear, brown leather pouch and belt, waist belt, frog and sling and brown leather leggings, forage cap and Glengarry with diced band. Full dress will be the kilt of the same material, sporran of grey wolf with black tassels, full hose of heather mixture, shoes and silver buckles. Black cock tails to be worn in Glengarry for full dress. The corps are at present negotiating to arm themselves with carbines and sword bayonet, as, unfortunately, there seems to be no provision to supply arms by the government to any but school organizations. At present No. 1 are using borrowed rifles, and No. 2 wooden guns bought by themselves. The corps are drilled in battalion drill as well as the use of arms. They are also well trained in physical drill and gymnastics. The corps had the honour of appearing before General Middleton in Ottawa on the 8th of March, and he expressed himself delighted with their efficiency. The question why the government should devote their attention to the drilling of youths in schools and utterly neglect them by giving them no chance of keeping up their knowledge of what they learnt there after they have left school is a mystery to most military men, for it is a well known fact that most youths leave school at 16 years of age, and for two years at least are unfit to join the active militia, while by being able to join a cadet corps belonging to some regiment, his interest in drill would be kept alive and he would be almost sure to join the active militia when old enough and with the advantage of being well drilled and fit for duty. It is to be hoped the authorities will yet be able to see their way clear to recognize cadet corps that are willing to attach themselves to the regiments of active militia. At present there are no acting commissioned officers. An examination for qualified cadets commenced on the 15th of this month for the positions of two captains and four lieutenants.

**NORWAY HOUSE.**—This engraving shows a scene that is not without historic associations. Commerce has a romance of its own, and seldom in its changeable annals has it been accompanied with such romantic incidents as those which mark the record of the fur trade in our Canadian North-West. Norway House has for generations been one of the most important posts of the Hudson Bay Company. It is situated about twenty miles down the Nelson River. Its white buildings and palisades have many a time been hailed with delight by the officers of the Company returning from their arduous and sometimes perilous journeys. Nor has the red ensign floating from the flagstaff been greeted with less satisfaction by the explorer of other services, weary after long canoeing and portaging; for, on seeing it, he knew that a hospitable welcome and the best that the post afforded awaited him without money and without price. The Nelson, on which the post is situated, is a great river, having an irregular course of some 360 miles. The scenery is often grand in its ruggedness, and at some points presents peculiar features, owing to the network of channels that take the place, in its upper course, of the ordinary river bed. This part of the country is not destitute of timber, a grove of Banksian pine giving grace to the north side of the post.

**MR. JAMES JOHNSON, COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS.**—Mr. James Johnson, Commissioner of Customs, was born in Cork, Ireland, 20th May, 1816, and was educated there. He came to Canada in 1831, and was fifteen years in the Bank of British North America. He was accountant of construction of the European and North American Railway of New Brunswick (Government road) from August, 1857,

until its completion in November, 1860, when he was appointed Chief Clerk of the Provincial Audit Office, New Brunswick. He became Acting Auditor-General of New Brunswick January 1865; appointed Auditor-General 1866, which office he resigned November, 1867, to accept the Assistant Commissionership of Customs at Ottawa. Conjointly with the Auditor Generalship, he held the offices of Assistant Provincial Secretary and Registrar of the Records of New Brunswick. Previous to entering Government service, he was Mayor of Moncton; was Acting Collector of Port of St. John, N.B., for some months in 1872. He was appointed Commissioner of Customs 1st January, 1875. Mr. Johnson, although never taking a very open and decisive part in party politics, has frequently exerted a quiet but effective influence, through the press and public advocacy, in the great questions occasionally agitating the constituency; notably, on the question of prohibition of the liquor traffic and the confederation of the provinces. In connection with the latter, his course was unhesitating from the commencement and consistent throughout in favour of the measure.

**THE CANADIAN R. E. GRADUATES, CHATHAM, ENGLAND.**—This is a group which must be gratifying to Canadian patriotism and loyalty. These young soldiers of more than promise are the sons of prominent men in the public, business and social life of the Dominion. They have already done honour to their native land, and, like their older colleagues, are prepared to answer that expectation which before and since Nelson's day England's soldier and sailor sons have never disappointed. In the last report of the general officer commanding the Canadian militia, the graduates of the Royal Military College are referred to in terms of the highest praise. We have already quoted his language with regard to the services of Lieut. Stairs, R.E., with Mr. Stanley in Africa, and of Local Captain Mackay, R.E., on the same continent. "I continue," proceeds General Middleton, "to hear privately most gratifying accounts of the other graduates who have joined the Imperial Army and of those who have entered civil life. All this tends to show the value and excellence of the Royal Military College, and I trust that Government appointments in the Dominion will be bestowed as much as possible upon those who have fully graduated and wish for them." What seems to us specially satisfactory is that the young gentlemen whose portraits we present, and who have done so much credit to Canada in winning distinction in competition with candidates from the whole empire, belong to both sections of our "dual" population. The record of 1775-6, of 1812-15, of 1866, 1870 and 1885 has proved with what manly patriotism they both stand shoulder to shoulder in the day of peril, and the honour list which we have the pleasure of presenting to-day tells the same proud story to the world.

**THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.**—Our readers see here the portraits of gentlemen who have deserved well of their city and country. No enterprise undertaken for the promotion of the intellectual and moral advancement of our people has had a more gratifying record than the Toronto Public Library. Its origin and development place it beyond question that where an earnest desire to carry out any scheme for the general well-being is accompanied by a corresponding effort, urged on with patriotic unanimity and intelligent grasp of the relation between means and ends, there is no reason in the world why it should fail. The task which the management of this now prosperous library set before them was no easy one, but, aided by the judgment, experience and public spirit of Mr. Bain, the Librarian, they have succeeded even beyond the most sanguine expectation. The Toronto Public Library was first opened to the public in 1884. By gradual additions, the number of volumes has increased from about 35,000 at the commencement, to about 55,000 to-day. It is divided into a Reference and a Circulating Library—the latter consisting of a central and branch establishments. The circulating department occupied the attention of the management during the first two years, but during the last four years they have laid a fair foundation for a Reference Library. The Catalogue, published a year ago, is a model of what such a work should be, and an examination of its well arranged contents furnishes satisfactory evidence of the spirit, at once comprehensive and patriotic, on which the choice of books has been conducted. In giving so large a share of the shelves to works printed in, or pertaining to, Canada, the Managers and Librarian have set an example which we would like to see more generally followed.

**KAKABEKA FALLS.**—This characteristic Canadian river scene has been fully described in the reports of Dr. Bell and other officers of our Geological Survey. The word "kakabeka," according to the Rev. Dr. Grant, is a corruption of "kakapikank," meaning "high fall," which our readers will admit is not lacking in appropriateness. The fall has no superior on this continent, according to the same authority, for natural beauty. "The river meets a vast barrier of slate, over which it tumbles into a chasm cut out of the rock by the unceasing flow of ages. At the top of the cliff the water, illumined by the sun, comes to the edge in a band of purple and gold. Thence it descends a height of more than a hundred feet, a mass of creamy, fleecy foam, not to be described by pen or brush. . . . One may sit by the hour spell-bound and study the motion and colour of this wondrous creation. The foam is softer than alabaster, and behind it the more solid mass of falling water is seen, by gleams and flashes, in colour and transparency like the purest amber. The spray from the foot of the fall does not rise, as at Niagara, in a slumberous

cloud. It shoots into the air at a sharp angle with immense velocity and repeated shocks of thunder, giving the impression of a series of tremendous explosions. . . .

As our lingering gaze rests upon the fall at some distance, the soft, white thing looks a different order of being from the surly rocks to which it is chained. Doomed to dwell in a rocky prison, which it decks in verdant beauty with myriad cool fingers, it is sister to the rainbow, which ever and anon comes out of the unseen world to visit it." The Kakabeka Falls are situated on the Kaministiquia river—a stream famous in the history of the fur trade, about thirty miles from Lake Superior. The banks of the river, which rises in Dog Lake and has a very sinuous course of over sixty miles, contracts at the Falls to a width of about fifty yards. Its banks for nearly half a mile below rise perpendicularly, at many points overhanging their bases. The Kaministiquia enters the lake in the famous Thunder Bay.

**C. P. R. ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM.**—There is no spot in the Western country that has more stirring memories clustering around it than Fort William, once the headquarters of the powerful and enterprising Nor'-West Company. To relate its story worthily would be to write one of the most interesting chapters in Canadian history. Times have changed, however, and with them the old metropolis of the fur kings. The fur house is now used as an engine house for the great coal docks, and overshadowing the whole is one of the largest grain elevators in the world. This is shown in our engraving, and there could be no more suggestive or impressive sight than this evidence of the new order of things that has taken the place of a dispensation which some of our readers can doubtless remember.

**THE GATE OF THE SELKIRKS.**—The fine view in our engraving is one which tourists have been taught to look for with wondering expectancy. After leaving the charmingly situated town of Donald—which is the headquarters for the mountain section of the road, and has its shops and other equipments for needed repairs—the railway crosses the Columbia to the base of the Selkirks, and, a little further on, the latter range, crowding close upon the Rockies, forces the river through a narrow gorge, into which the awed traveller may look shudderingly down from the slopes far above. Emerging from this gorge, the road, turning abruptly to the left, enters the Selkirks through the Gate of the Beaver River. This passage is surprisingly narrow, being comparable in this respect with any of the steep gorges of the Rockies further south, or even of the Andes in South America. A felled tree serves as a foot bridge at this point, just where the Beaver makes its final desperate plunge to the level of the Columbia.

## THE RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK.

In the notes furnished with the picture of the ruins of Fort Selkirk in No. 83 (February 1), some mistakes were made in dates. They were written from memory at the time, and it is desirable to substitute the following for them:

Pelly River was discovered by Robert Campbell, then a clerk in the Hudson Bay Company's service—since risen to the rank of Chief Factor—in the summer of 1840. But such were the difficulties in the way of travellers, and the length of time taken in communicating with the outside world, that it was 1848 before Fort Selkirk was established at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes, which Campbell discovered in 1843. In 1850 Campbell made the descent of the Pelly to the confluence of the Porcupine, which was discovered by Mr. Bell, of the Hudson Bay Company, in 1846. Mr. Campbell always believed the Pelly and the Yukon to be identical, and proved in this way. In 1852 the Indians from the coast in the neighbourhood of the head waters of the Lewes river, ancestors of some of those whose pictures have been published, finding their profits from their *peculiar trading* with the interior Indians were decreasing, determined on forming a "combine" with the traders at the fort, which they did by coming down the river in force, and arranging the preliminaries in the early morning of the 21st of August, 1852. So eager were they to arrange the matter, that they called upon Mr. Campbell while yet in bed, presented their credentials, and in a very short time the whole matter was settled to their entire satisfaction. They gave Mr. Campbell the privilege of going down the river, or the alternative of being killed. He took the former. They then pillaged the place; but whether or not they burned it then seems to be a matter of doubt.

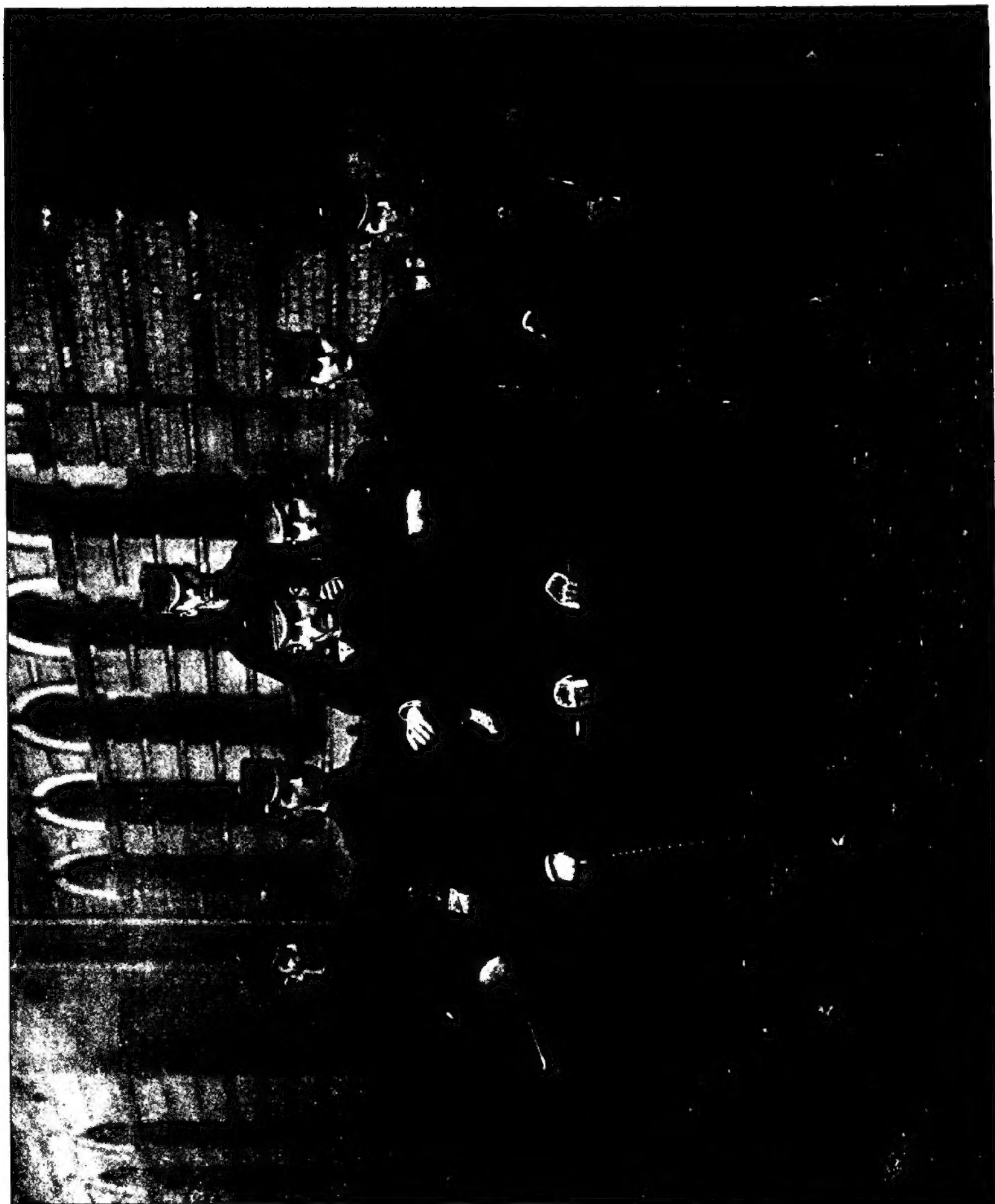
In two days Mr. Campbell returned with a number of friendly Indians he met down the river; but the robbers were gone. He then ascended the Pelly to the head, descended the Liard, and reached Fort Simpson on the 21st of October, whence he proceeded to the nearest communication with the outside world—then Crow Wing, Minnesota. Thence he went to London and reported the loss to the company; but they declined to rebuild, though Mr. Campbell was very desirous of doing so.

## A TRIOLET.

I heard a robin chirp to-day;  
There's scarce another sign of spring,  
But straight I felt as though 'twas May,  
I heard a robin chirp to-day.

It sweeter seemed than any lay  
That full-voiced, summer songsters sing.  
I heard a robin chirp to-day;  
There's scarce another sign of spring.





2nd Lt. Alphonse Eugène Panet, Ottawa  
 and Lt. Arthur Grant Bremner, Halifax  
 and Lt. Charles Bowers Farwell, Sherbrooke  
 and Lt. William Breck Leslie, Kingston  
 and Lt. Pierre Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, Quebec  
 and Lt. Edward Percy Granville Gironard, Montreal

THE CANADIAN GRADUATES AT THE ROYAL ENGINEERING SCHOOL, CHATHAM, ENGLAND.



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 Jos. J. Murphy  
 His Honour Judge McDougall  
 Edw. P. Pearson, Chairman, '89  
 Wm. H. Howland,  
 Mayor, '86-7  
 Joshua Ingham  
 John Taylor, Chairman, '85  
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 Arthur R. Roswell,  
 Chairman, '88

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## "The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

Her hands were unconsciously clasped together, her head for very shame and sorrow had fallen forward; some shorter locks of the massive hair had broken from their fastenings and fell about her temples. There was not a particle of colour in her face, it looked as though cut out from marble; but the delicate nostrils dilated with each breath, like a frightened creature brought to bay.

She was wonderfully beautiful in the abandonment of her despair, and still Martin gazed at her in a silence worse than any words.

"I am going," said the girl; "before I go just say you forgive me—it would make it easier."

"Forgive you!"

Oh! the contempt in the cold, measured tone, "I will never forgive you."

Alminere said nothing more, nor raised her head, but passed him by and went down the hill.

A strange calm had come upon her; she felt nothing. She did not even feel her feet as they touched the grasses; she was not conscious of the contact, and she saw nothing but the water as it gleamed in the light of the sun. How peaceful to be in its purity and be washed into eternity!

There was such a little difference between living and dying. There had seemed such a gulf between the two before, but now there seemed such a small step from one to the other. She was wicked, and only God knew how she had repented of that wickedness. She knew very little about God; she wished now she had gone to church oftener, but she felt somewhere within her that God was all tenderness and mercy. She walked on until she stood upon the bank which rose in a perpendicular point above the bay. How easy it was after all, just a movement; how slight a difference between the making it and the not making it. Just a movement—a fall—and then—peace!

She pressed her hand against her throbbing forehead and did not feel the pressure. What was it Miss Power had said? Pity! He would give pity; but he said—he said: "I will never forgive you."

Like cruel wounds the memory of those words had stung her soul. She gave a spring. No cry escaped her; there was a sullen splash, the sight of a white face and dark hair above the water; then—nothing!

The waters closed again, and remained unbroken, and the sunlight rippled over the spot, and the song birds sang their evening psalms of praise, and the world went on, none the sadder because one woman had left its throng.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Death has made her holy."

While this was happening, Agnes Power was hastening back to the Grey House. She was glad when she found herself in the seclusion of her own room. She locked the door and threw herself on her knees by her bedside.

"Do what is best for her, O, God!" she prayed. "Do what is best for her."

And just at this moment the glistening waters closed over Alminere's head.

"Mamma wants you, Miss Power."

Rosie's thin, shrill voice came through the door, "Hurry, Miss Power, mamma wants you to get some jam for tea, and don't bring this year's; and hurry."

So it is that trivial things run counter with the deeper. There was a soul in distress; a life's sorrow in the balance, but jam must be had for tea!

Agnes found some preserve marked with the date of two years previous, and, hoping this would be sufficiently matured, hurried down stairs; but in this she was mistaken.

Mrs. Melville held up her pretty little white hands in horror.

"Dear Miss Power, how extravagant you are. No wonder some people are poor; the idea of taking this fresh jam when there is some so much older!"

So Agnes ran up-stairs and exchanged it for a pot of seven years' standing, and exhibited it successfully. This quite met with Mrs. Melville's approval.

"White raspberry jammy!" Rosie lisped this prettily, standing on the rocker of her mother's chair, and leaning affectionately over her shoulders.

"Hugo likes that best; doesn't he, mammy? Hugo is coming home to-day, Miss Power."

"How glad you must be!"

Mrs. Melville made no response to Agnes Power's warm words, but Rosie lisped sweetly:

"Hugo isn't kind and thoughtful like Maxwell."

Mrs. Melville sighed, and crossed her white jewelled hands in her lap; and her lips, which were never more than two lines of pale red, set so closely together as to almost disappear.

Agnes went off to the pantry to deposit the jam in safety in a dish, and then she escaped again to her room.

She wanted time to think of Alminere. She couldn't rest content until she knew her misery was made easier; and would it be made easier?

Agnes Power realized fully what we all must realize—the punishment of every sin must be worked out.

The old-fashioned fear of a furnace-heated habitation for the wicked-doers has long since exploded; hell is a state—a state we enter so soon as we have sinned. Contrast makes hell; the contrast of what we were with what we are, what we might have been. The recollection that the sound of song birds, the scent of meadow grasses, the roll

of the river, brought pleasure to the mind and senses in place of the sensation of pain—of misery.

Agnes was standing in the open window when Rosie ran up to her door and knocked hurriedly.

"Hugo is here, and mamma wishes you to come down."

"Does she really wish it? Wouldn't your brother prefer to be alone with you all? I am a stranger."

"Mamma said you were to come, and hurry."

This settled it. Agnes went down stairs, feeling the momentary excitement incident on meeting a stranger long heard of.

He turned so slowly as to seem to do so reluctantly when his mother spoke his name in introduction to Miss Power. His bow was very cold, very distant. Agnes bowed, too, in silence; she had nothing to say. She felt she would never have anything to say to such a very frigid personage. How different he was to Maxwell! Maxwell was tall and light and had straight, fair hair. Hugo was fair, too; but it was a fairness of deeper colouring. His hair was a rich golden, and it curled in close curls above his forehead; his moustache was golden, too, and so heavy as to hide the mouth; the chin beneath it was broad and firm. His eyes were dark, and blue, and deeply set. She had to acknowledge, even in this first moment of distrust, that they were brave eyes. He was very tall, taller by an inch or two than his brother, and his shoulders were broader and thicker.

While Agnes was taking this mental photograph, Maxwell appeared in the doorway. He was in flannels, the dress which is most becoming to a fair man.

"I hope it is all over," He smiled as he said this, advancing into the middle of the room and giving Agnes the frank, sweet look that won all hearts.

"I kept out of the way on purpose; it is so painful to be put in the shade, and I knew all your attention would, for a moment at least, be centred in the stranger."

"The stranger" turned at this and bestowed a cold glance on the speaker, then he spoke to his mother:

"I feel stiff after being cramped in that car, and need a stretch to take it out of me."

He opened the window by which he was standing and stepped out.

Maxwell hastened forward to fasten it after him.

"Thanks, dear."

Mrs. Melville had drawn her shawl more closely about her shoulders.

"You are always kind and thoughtful, Maxwell."

Agnes also bestowed a smile of appreciation upon him. Hugo was certainly a bear! When the tea bell rang he had not reappeared.

"Hugo must learn that my tea hour changes for no one. Come, Miss Power, we will not wait."

Mrs. Melville led the way to the dining-room.

Just as they were seated at the table Hugo strode into the room. Agnes, looking up, wondered what had moved him—he had aged in the past half hour. His face was ghastly pale, with the deep lines about the mouth which come in sudden sorrow.

"Something awful has happened; Alminere Lajeunesse has drowned herself!" he said.

Agnes gave a cry and half rose. Her first impulse was to fly to the unhappy woman to see if this thing were possible. She trembled so she had to reseat herself, and kept her eyes fixed on Hugo's face, waiting for what he had further to say.

"Poor little girl," said Maxwell, softly. "Are you sure it wasn't an accident, Hugo?"

"There is no doubt that she destroyed herself; she was seen to throw herself from the cliff; when she rose again she was quite dead. A cup of tea, if you please, mother."

"I hope in future you will remember, Hugo, that my tea hour is a quarter past six. Nothing interferes with that."

Hugo made no reply; he drank the tea feverishly and pushed his cup aside.

"If you will forgive me, I will go."

The words were a mere form, for his mother frowned, and he quickly left the room.

"How pale you are, Miss Power; you and Hugo seem peculiarly upset by this drowning affair."

"Sudden deaths are always sad—appalling; and I knew—I liked the girl."

"You knew the girl!" iterated Mrs. Melville. "And pray, Miss Power, are you generally so happy in your choice of associates? Perhaps I could enlighten you a little as to the wretched woman's past history; you might not be so quick to own her acquaintance then."

"I fancy I know all there is to be known about her, poor girl. Are we only to care for those who are immaculate? What a limited acquaintance we would have?"

"The girl is not fit to be spoke of by us."

"The girl is fit to be spoken of by anyone. She was tempted; do we know the extent of that temptation? She fell. She repented!"

"How can you speak so immorally, and before Maxwell, too? You will eulogize a drunkard next."

"A drunkard is certainly to be pitied as well as censured," said Agnes, quietly. "Have you not thought how a drunkard must fight in his sober moments against the madness; how he must suffer in doing the very thing he has not the power to resist?"

"Pray don't talk in that heroic tone, Miss Power; it is painful to listen to. My opinions are built on strong moral principles, yours—"

"On what I have gained by a slight study of human nature," finished Agnes, quietly.

"If ever I catch child of mine with the smell of liquor on his breath, out he goes, neck and crop, out of my house, and

not one cent does he have of my money. Am I going to let my good money be wasted on bad drink?" Mrs. Melville's lips set into a thin line of scarlet.

"Let me help you to a little of this salmon and mayonnaise, Miss Power; it is first rate."

"Thank you, no," Agnes toyed with a bit of bread on the plate; she was sorely, badly perplexed. Had Alminere destroyed herself rather than face Martin; or had she told him and he been hard on her? Was she in fault for giving that advice; was she responsible for the tragedy?

These terrible thoughts pressed on her at first, but then she remembered the misery the girl was enduring, and that the course she had advised had seemed the only means of lightening that misery; besides, she could not have told Martin Maynard, for he was a good man and would have been merciful!

But a man who is merciful does not possess untried goodness. To Martin sin, as coming near those he cared for, was an impossibility. There is nothing in this merciless world, so merciless as a man who has no knowledge of evil. The man who bestows mercy and compassion in such cases is rare. He must possess more than mere goodness; he must have a broad mind, a wide knowledge, as well as a great and good heart.

When tea was over, Maxwell drew Agnes out on to the verandah.

"I feel so restless," she said. "I wish to do something—to do something for the girl," and then she thought of flowers. "Will you walk down to Dan Furlong's with me?"

"You are going to get her flowers; do you really know about the girl? Do you think you ought to? What will mother say?"

"I have sold my labour to your mother; apart from that my actions are my own."

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "Men think differently of those things. They may be more lenient to the sinner, especially when she is young and pretty; but they feel her unfitness, it seems as though she were not worthy for you to come near to her."

"Hush!" said Agnes. "death has made her holy."

They were silent after this, walking side by side down the village path.

An atmosphere of excitement pervaded the place; people were gathered in knots of threes and fours discussing the sad affair; some with nothing in their faces but cold curiosity, others with compassion mixed with their curiosity, while a few were stirred purely by pity.

"I wish for a cross of white flowers, Furlong, please; the prettiest you can make me, and as quickly as it can be made."

"I've just the thing, mam. Little Miss Meredith died yesterday, mam, and a wreath was ordered this morning; I mistook and made a cross, and not a bit would they have of it, they said a cross was high church; somehow it went again me to undo the thing, I kept it, kinder thinking some higher folk might fall off; high or low the thing's a beauty, ben't it mam?"

Dan Furlong held up the cross to her view. They had become merely works of art to his eye, these sacred symbols of earth's end and the resurrection.

"Where shall I send it, mam?"

"I will take it, please."

She paid the man, and when she got outside dismissed Maxwell.

"I wish to go alone; you had better go back to your mother."

Already the black and white streamers were mounted on the little yellow door. There was quite a crowd without. They fell apart in amazement when they saw Miss Power making straight for it.

She knew Alminere's room. It was darkened now; but two candles burning at the head of the narrow wooden bed threw their light on the beautiful white, shrouded figure.

There was only one mourner in the room, a man, bowed in sorrow by the silent form. Agnes knew at once that this was Martin Maynard. Reverentially she laid the cross above the dead girl's head and then sank down on her knees. The mystery of death overpowered her. What was it? This form had been a living, breathing, suffering soul a few short hours before. She was very beautiful to look upon; the dead, white face so deeply marked by the jet black eyes and raven hair. They had unloosened the hair; it lay in thick, long masses on either side of her, reaching to her knees.

Agnes wavered—would she speak to Martin? But he made no movement. Then she bent and kissed the smooth white forehead of the dead girl, and softly stole out of the room. There were tears in her eyes. The motley crowd outside the door saw and wondered. Alminere was one of them, but they did not feel like this.

They did not, could not, know that true sympathy is God's divinest gift.

Maxwell had not gone home as she had wished; she found him waiting for her by the bridge.

"Was Hugo there?" he demanded somewhat fiercely.

"Your brother? Oh! no, Why should he be there?"

A flame of crimson flooded Maxwell's face.

"He admired poor Alminere very much at one time."

Maxwell said it slowly, hesitatingly, as though the words would come against his will. In one instant the knowledge came to Agnes that Hugo Melville was the transgressor; knew it as surely as though Maxwell had said the words. This, then, was the meaning of his mother's demeanour towards him; she remembered, too, the book of Byron at

the Yellow Cottage, with Hugo's name in it. All was clear now. She felt as though after this she would never again be able to bring herself to speak to him. He was with his mother as they entered the house; no questions were asked as to where they had been, and they offered no information on the point.

Maxwell went over to the piano and idled over the keys in the twilight. Presently he fell into Hood's most touching of all touching things, "The Bridge of Sighs":

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair.  
Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And bearing with meekness  
Her sins to her saviour."

When he ended the tears were coursing down Agnes's cheeks. Hugo had left the room at the opening line. Mrs. Melville alone seemed unmoved by Maxwell's plaintive singing; only, when he had ceased, she asked for something gay, and then he broke into a little Swiss melody.

Agnes, from her place in the wide window, could see Hugo pacing the garden path. If he was suffering the pangs of remorse he deserved to suffer; she felt no pity for him, only a loathing.

Mrs. Melville rose after a few moments and kissed Maxwell good-night. She was so tired she must go to bed; but there was no need for Miss Power to retire, she and Maxwell could stay and sing and play together.

But Agnes was not in the mood for music. She still sat in the window, buried in her own thoughts, while Maxwell sang song after song. She was wondering still whether her advice had been the final cause of the tragedy. She would have given much to have gone to Martin Maynard and satisfied herself on this point; but it was a weakness, this wishing to relieve her own mind, and it might be at the cost of so much to Martin, or to Alminere's memory. Martin might still be in ignorance of the girl's sad story; words would do no good, and might do harm.

Through all these communings Hugo's step sounded up and down the garden walk. She heard it still when she went to her room for the night, and it was still sounding and resounding when she fell asleep with sorry thoughts of Alminere, only to fall into dreams of the sad affair.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"I wish he had'n't been bad."

"Mummy deary, might'n't I go with Simon Chunk to the pasture across the river?"

"I was just going to ask if you could spare me for church this afternoon, Mrs. Melville," said Agnes. "I thought Rosie would stay with you."

"The poor child never has any pleasure. She must not stay in. Of course you can go to church, Miss Power. And Rosie, you will promise to sit quietly in the boat. Don't mind me, I shall be all right alone."

The words were kind enough, but the tone and air were so injured that Agnes felt like giving up all thought of church for that day. At all events, her pleasure was dampened as she walked down the village on her way to afternoon prayers.

A fresh wind crept up. It gave her new heart. Some how the wind always inspired her, especially the autumn wind.

It was October now and the autumn fields were beautiful to look upon.

Poets have been prone to sing the praises of the spring—and the spring does touch one, as a child touches one, because it is so wholly trustful! So wholly unconscious! So wholly untried! But surely the autumn reaches to deeper feelings! The fields are fairer, bearing the mark of the fulfilment of what was then but a promise. There is a meaning in every meadow. There is a history to every blade of grass, every bunch of barley. The hedges hold clusters of ripened berries. The maple trees are a marvellous mass of rich harmonious colouring, while above the crescent moon shows a pale, half ring in the blue sky, waiting but for night's curtain to fall before she can mellow the scene.

Agnes stood a moment to watch Simon Chunk's boat pulling out from shore. Rosie in the stern holding the edges. She wished she were on the water to get the full benefit of the delicious breeze. Then she turned into the church, the holy atmosphere did her good; the well-known words of the beautiful prayers fell on her soul with a soothing power. Months seemed to have elapsed since the tragedy of Alminere's death. As Agnes stepped out of church at the conclusion of the short afternoon service, two women were hurrying by.

"When there's one calamity, I always say look for more," one was saying excitedly, as they ran towards the river.

Something had happened! An accident! At once Agnes knew it was to Simon Chunk and Rosie. She had never cared for the joyless, peevish child; but now a horror fell upon her. The child was drowned. She knew it before she got to the beach, and saw the childish face—older, more drawn even in death than life. There was, of course, a crowd about them. Women from the washing, in short blue skirts and torn bodices; men from the fields, with the sweat of the day's sun still on their faces, the soil still on their big brown hands. Children who had left their play, their hay houses, their mud pies, to see this sight—the body of a little dead child.

Simon Chunk, with the water trickling still from his clothes and hair, rocked himself backwards and forwards by the dead child's side as he held on to her limp frock with

one hand. So they had been rescued from the bay, and no one could get him to unloosen that clasp.

"I caught her just like this," he kept repeating in that husky monotone of his, "and I said just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be scared."

"Run for some blankets, quickly," cried Agnes. "Here, Chunk, just let her go and we will do our best for her."

At these words Simon Chunk relinquished his hold, still muttering as he watched her proceedings: "Just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be scared."

With tender touch Agnes lifted the thin, pinched form, and did all in her power to restore animation, even while doing so knowing this was a useless task; the child was quite dead.

"Someone run for Mr. Maxwell," she said, "and don't let Mrs. Melville know."

As she spoke she was conscious of a tall, broad figure beside her, of a firm voice in commanding tones: "Move—and give them air." Then he knelt by Rosie's side.

"Poor little Rosie! Oh, Miss Power, it is too late."

"I caught her just like this," broke in Simon Chunk, "and I said just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be scared."

"Chunk should be attended to at once. The shock has been too much for him," said Hugo.

"Here, Conroy, you take him home and see he is put to bed with a hot drink."

As Hugo spoke some one who panted breathlessly came upon the scene. It was Maxwell, with blanched and haggard face.

"My darling little sister. Is she really dead, Miss Power, really dead?"

Then he turned fiercely to Simon Chunk.

"You old idiot, why couldn't you save her?"

"He's half dead himself," Hugo said compassionately.

"You had better break this to mother, Maxwell. You go on and we will follow."

Tenderly he lifted the small, thin figure in his arms and slowly, sadly, they turned homewards.

As they went, in Agnes's mind a sharp, shrill voice echoed "Hurry! hurry!" She would never hear it again, and often it had exasperated her. She wished now she had made more of the living child. But have we not always something to reproach ourselves with concerning the dead?

There was no sight of Mrs. Melville when they reached the house. Quietly they passed up to Rosie's room and laid her on the little narrow bed, so like a coffin, Agnes thought, and then she crept down stairs full of the fear of facing the sorrow-stricken mother.

Mrs. Melville was stretched on the sofa in the library—a handkerchief lay over her face, and she was wringing her hands as she moaned.

"Its too dreadful! Poor little Rosie! My own little girlie. And such a shock to my system. Why, it might kill me! My nerves are completely shattered; completely shattered. Get me some bromide quickly, Miss Power. A double dose. Oh! Simon Chunk, how could you let my little girl drown? Not a cent more of my money will you get. Do be quick, Miss Power. Don't let me die."

Agnes hurried away for the required dose, and after Mrs. Melville had taken it she became more composed.

"Where is Hugo? He has never been near me. He never thinks of me."

"He is with—with Rosie."

Agnes spoke hurriedly. She felt a sense of injustice in Mrs. Melville's words. She vividly remembered the infinite tenderness of Hugo's tone and touch on the beach. A moment such as that makes us know a fellow creature far better than years of ordinary intercourse. For hours Agnes sat by Mrs. Melville's bedside. The gong sounded for tea, but no one went down. The sound seemed like an insult to the dead. Agnes ran down stairs to tell Bridget to keep the house perfectly quiet, and to get a cup of tea for Mrs. Melville.

All night through Mrs. Melville moaned; all night through Agnes sat beside her. When dawn broke Hugo came softly into the room.

"You have not rested, Miss Power; go to your room now; Maxwell is in the nursery, and I will watch by mother."

"I wish he hadn't been bad," said Agnes to herself as she crept along the passage to her door. "What a world it is!" She shivered as she got into bed; her nerves were strong, but they had been sorely tried of late.

(To be continued.)

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.—The fatal lightning stroke is so frequent that persons much exposed to thunder storms should take all known precautions against it. In a scientific paper recently read before the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., the English meteorologist, presented a large mass of important data on the phenomena of thunder storms. Ordinarily persons exposed to a thunder storm flee to the nearest shelter to escape wetting. Mr. Symons shows that "if a man is thoroughly wet it is impossible for lightning to kill him." He refers to a remarkable proof of this fact. The great scientific lecturer Faraday, once demonstrated to his audience at the Royal Institution that with all the powerful electrical apparatus at his disposal it was impossible to kill a rat whose coat had been saturated with water. It would be well, therefore, for any person in a severe thunder storm and liable to a lightning stroke to allow himself to be drenched with rain at the earliest moment possible, and in the absence of sufficient rainfall to avail himself of any other means at hand to wet his outer apparel.

#### AN ARTIST AT HOME.

Our readers have already been made acquainted, through the columns of this journal, with some of the works of Mr. J. C. Pinhey. Last Saturday Mr. Pinhey gave his friends the treat of an "At Home" at his studio, in the Imperial Building, of which a good many availed themselves. Mr. Pinhey has a studio which it is a pleasure to visit and the paintings on exhibition, last Saturday, were well worth inspection. His "Christian Martyr" has already been reproduced in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, with some critical remarks which we need not repeat. Enough to say that its merits were fully appreciated. The most interesting of the works on which he is now engaged is "A Legend of the Ottawa River." An early settler named Cadieux had married the daughter of an Algonquin chief. They were surprised by a body of Iroquois and compelled to take safety in flight in company with some traders in a frail birch bark canoe down the treacherous Ottawa. The canoe was fast drifting on the rocks of a dangerous rapid; the fierce Iroquois were on the bank waiting and watching for the destruction of their prey; all hope seemed past when Cadieux's wife dropped on her knees and prayed the good St. Anne to save them in their plight. Her prayer was answered, the canoe passed through the treacherous rapid out into the smooth, calm waters below and the Iroquois was balked of his prey. And so the legend runs. It is a pretty story and Mr. Pinhey has been very successful in its interpretation. The canoe is seen, freighted with its passengers almost in the agony of death, in the midst of the rocks of the rapid on which the water is breaking in wild white foam; on the bank are the Iroquois mocking its occupants in their danger, and adding to it with an unceasing shower of arrows; in the back ground is the shadowy form of St. Anne guiding the frail canoe to a safe place. There is the gloom of despair, the brightness of hope, and the fierce anticipation of the Iroquois all blended in one, and forming a picture which the more one studies the more one likes. The third picture is a pleasing view of the Mediterranean near Marseilles. The last is an interesting work—"In the Old Chartreuse." The scene is an old archway in the ancient monastery of the monks of Chartreuse, and represents one girl leaning idly against the wall conversing with another standing opposite her. The colouring is brilliant, but not gaudy, and the positions of the two figures are easy and natural. The whole picture shows evidence of careful and intelligent study. Besides these four pictures, Mr. Pinhey had an excellent likeness of Mr. D. E. Lacy, and some of his older works on exhibition. Altogether it was an enjoyable afternoon.

#### MEMORY.

A curious chamber is that of memory,  
With its paintings and hangings galore,  
Its tracings on sand, its carvings in ivory,  
Its flickering lights on the floor.

The multiple pictures in that queer gallery  
Are hung in one devious string.  
Lift you one into sight from its hiding place shadowy  
And its neighbour to vision you bring.

On days when life's sky is all gloom and misery,  
And I fain would shut out the world;  
I love to repair to that chamber and dreamily  
Pass through its soft curtains unfurled;

There recline on a couch all cushions and ebony,  
With my eyes half closed to the light;  
Turn my face to some corner of pleasantest memory  
And give myself up to delight.

Do the snow-banks drift and is the wind blustery?  
Is it chill and maddening out of doors?  
Then I turn my couch to a quarter that's summery  
And drift to where sunshine pours.

Mayhap the first scene is a midsummer rhapsody,  
A picture all languid and warm—  
A bit of a river—a burst of bird melody—  
What care I for the storm?

Then comes a brisk scene of river-side robbery—  
It hangs next on the devious string—  
A resting of sculls—a line tugging savagely  
That boat ward with quick hands I bring.

How he jerks and pulls and dives so merrily—  
This pike at the end of my line—  
Now slackens a bit—now rushes right royally  
To the top—and now he is mine.

Is my trouble a kind of mental infirmity?  
Is the storm on the sky of my soul?  
I can banish it all as far as eternity  
With a glance at memory's scroll.

There are pictures of woe and scenes of insanity  
In this curious Louvre of the mind,  
Framed red with fierce shame or pale with inanity—  
But why stay where one would be blind.

Oh! a marvellous chamber is that of memory,  
When wearied of the world outside,  
With its paintings in rose and its paintings in ebony—  
Its pictured past revived.

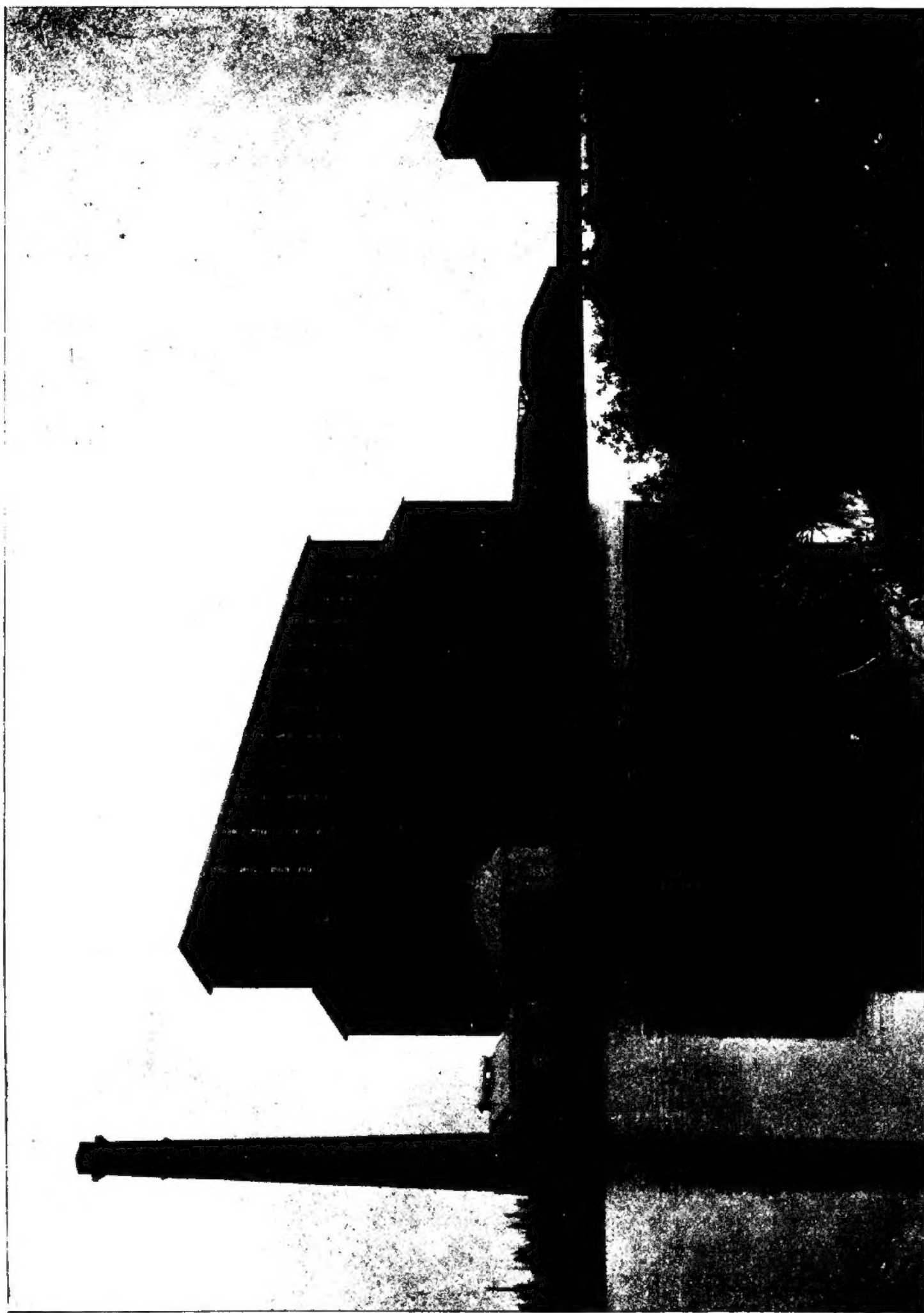
Toronto.

A. R. CARMAN.





KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR PORT ARTHUR, ONT.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



GRAIN ELEVATORS OF THE C. P. R. CO. AT FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)





Oil cloths will last longer if one or two layers of wadded carpet lining are laid under them.

Don't permit a child under five to remain out of bed after 8 p.m., even if you have to forego your most sacred social duties.

The elasticity of cane chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new if none of the canes are broken.

**GOLDEN POTATO.**—Two cupfuls of mashed potato piled in a pyramid and covered with yolk of egg and sifted cracker crumbs, then baked to a golden brown. Potato balls or dumplings are made by pressing cold, mashed potato into a teacup and glazing and baking as above.

The latest in fashionable tea-making is to use a hollow silver ball, freely perforated. This is filled with dry tea leaves, and let down into a cup of boiling water by a tiny chain, remaining there until a sufficient amount of the aroma and colour of the leaves has been imparted to the water.

Immediately after the eye has been struck with force enough to make it black, apply a wet cloth with water as hot as you can bear it. Keep applying the water fifteen or twenty minutes, and the coagulated blood will become thin and pass off into its natural channels, and leaves the eye perhaps swollen, but clear of blackness. For the same reason hot water is always best for bruises.

In cooking a tongue first choose one with a smooth skin, as then it is young, and should be tender; soak for two or three hours in clean water if the tongue is just out of the pickle, or let it lie in the water all night if it is hard or dry; next put into a stewpan with as much water as covers it, put also in a bunch of savoury herbs, let it gradually come to a boiling point, then skim, and simmer gently until tender; peel off the skin, and send to the table garnished with tufts of cauliflowers or Brussels sprouts. It can also be served cold, garnished with a paper ruching round the end of it.

It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by consumers, to prevent its souring. To scald milk properly, the following method is advised: Take a thin glass bottle provided with a rubber cork, fill it with milk nearly up to the neck, and place it uncorked in a kettle of water, which should then be gradually brought to a boil. When steam has commenced to escape from the bottle, cork it lightly, and continue the boiling from thirty-five to forty minutes, and the process will be complete. A bottle of milk thus prepared, it is said, will remain sweet a month if kept in a cool place and tightly corked.

#### WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

France has always had great women. Under the old regime they were famous as dilettanti; nor are the women of the Third Republic inferior, as a whole, to their sisters of the past. It is true that one cannot point to-day to a Marchioness de Rambouillet, to a Mme. Roland, to a Mme. de Staël, to a Mme. de Remusat, to a Mme. de Girardin or to a George Sand, but there are several widely known literary and political women of the France of to-day, among whom is Mme. Juliette Adam. During the stormy days of MacMahon's presidency, it was in Mme. Adam's salon that Gambetta and the chief Republican leaders used to meet, argue, plan and gird for battle. Then it was that Mme. Adam founded the *Nouvelle Revue*, which was to be the republican rival of the conservative *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and ever since she has remained at its head. She resides in a house at the end of the Boulevard Malesherbes, literally within a stone's throw of the fortifications and on a street that bears her own name, the rue Juliette Lamber, Lamber being one of Mme. Adam's noms de plume and also her maiden name. The house is handsomely furnished, cozy and artistic. Mme. Adam herself, though now over 50, is still a handsome woman, dressing with great taste. She converses glibly on art, letters, politics, sociology, philosophy and business, and is the soul of her drawing room. To the hostess, more than to any of her distinguished guests, is due the wide reputation which this salon enjoys in Paris and throughout liberal Europe. In direct contrast with Mme. Adam, in many ways, is Mme. Henry Gréville. Mme. Gréville is perhaps the ablest and most prolific of living French female novelists. Although each new book created more of a sensation at her start on her literary career, some ten or fifteen years ago, Mme. Gréville's stories are still very popular with refined readers, and especially with the girls and young women of France who are not allowed to open nine-tenths of the new French novels.

One of the most curious women of letters in the city is Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though English by birth, she is French by marriage and residence, and can write brilliantly in both languages. Her husband, who died a year or two ago, was a well known author, and married the sister of Buloz, the founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, so that Mme. Blaze de Bury is the aunt of M. Charles Buloz, the

present editor of that famous periodical. This gives her a certain prominence in literary circles. But her eccentricity in dress and speech and her real mental ability would make Mme. Blaze de Bury a prominent character in any centre. She has written stories, review articles and newspaper letters, and once represented in Paris *The New York Nation* and *The New York Tribune*.

Mme. Charles Bigot, whose nom de plume is Jeanne Mariet, is the daughter of Healy, the well known American portrait painter. She lives in the same house with her father and many of her clever little theatrical pieces are acted by amateurs at the delightful soirées given by the Heals during the winter. Mme. Bigot's husband is, or was, until he lost his health, an active journalist, professor and art critic, and husband and wife still work hand in hand, each producing stories and magazine articles and volumes of more than common merit.

A very amusing game is the bean auction. Prepare as many little pink and blue cheese-cloth bags with a drawing string of bright cord in each as the number of your invited guests. Add to each invitation the request that he or she "will please bring a little bundle of something." Anything will do, but something funny is preferred. Then prepare as many bundles of all sorts and sizes as may be wished, and put them all, each securely tied up, into a large basket in the hall, where the guests will also deposit their bundles as they come in. Put into each bag seventy-five or one hundred white beans, which represent so many dollars, and when ready for the game, distribute the little bags or purses among the guests, one to each person. Then from the hall bring in the basket, and selecting from among the gentlemen present, one who can make funny speeches, let him auction off the bundles, the guests bidding so many dollars from the bean-bags. It is very nice to have some pretty and valuable little articles, but more amusement is created by the funny packages. One large package which was eagerly bid upon by half a dozen guests was the cause of much merriment, when it was opened and found to contain a cabbage. Another bundle held a small toy donkey which nodded its head solemnly as it was moved. Candy, little boxes of flowers, wide eyed owls made of peanuts, radishes, tiny painted easels and pictures and little bottles of cologne were among the articles used at the party named, but the field is wide and each hostess can get up new ideas which will render her Bean Auction a great success.

#### A GENEVA XMAS.

It was market day and the streets were so lively and bright—Xmas trees everywhere and flowers and sunshine. When we got home we found the parlours all decorated with holly and mistletoe for the evening, when guests were expected.

When everybody had arrived, we songsters disappeared and placed ourselves near the Xmas tree, which was all ablaze with lots of candles, tinsel, etc. We sang a lovely song of Mendelssohn's while the people came into the room. Mr. Faure, who is a minister, read us the story of the Shepherds and offered a prayer. After that we inspected the tree, which was really lovely—the bon-bons of all shapes and forms, little slippers and muffs, sausages, beans, wheat, mushrooms, horseshoes and rings, and flags, and they had put the English one on top with the Swiss in my honour. Ever so much silver and gold thread was thrown over it and the effect was lovely. It was more a real Xmas tree than ours, though ours had more brilliant things on it. But the candles have such a pretty effect. All the time it was lit, Mr. LeDouble stood by with a bellows in hand ready to blow out any candle that had dangerous tendencies.

After the inspection was over the gas was lit, and we uncovered several little tables with presents for everybody, all done up in pretty packages. After the excitement was over we had tea, meringues, cakes, sung our second song, gay and pretty, played games, and then went to bed. I forgot to say that, on coming down to breakfast Xmas morning, we found our boots in the fireplace filled with curious packages, with pretty quotations in each. They do this instead of hanging the stockings as we do. I found in mine a pencil, a rubber in the shape of a five centime stamp, a tin watch, with a plaque of chocolate behind, and a snowball. These snowballs are a grand invention—a snowball made of tissue paper, and filled with thousands of scraps of white paper. You make a hole in the ball, then throw it with force against the ceiling, then you are covered with the snow that burst on you. We threw half a dozen at once, and the effect was very pretty. As the floors are of hardwood, it only needed a little sweeping to clear it all away. Helen I—and I went to a children's service in the morning, while the two other girls who are in the house with us went to communion. The service was lovely. Such a number of children, and they spoke up bravely and sang so prettily. Our dinner would have been something extra, but so many of the household were ill from "La Grippe" that the good things were postponed until we all could enjoy them together. Among the number of good things sent in our Xmas boxes were—shortcake from Scotland, a stollen (sweetbread, with currants, and frosted) from Leipzig, marypan from Detmold, and a nut-plate from grandma in Montreal. So we are looking forward to the time when the household are well enough to enjoy all our Xmas gifts.

OUTRE-MER.

#### A DREAM.

Reading and pond'ring till the mystic hour  
That marks a new day's birth, upon the power  
Of great philosophers and thinking men,  
I closed the heavy tomes, and straightway, then,  
Fell into slumber deep, and therein dreamed.  
A way-worn, famished traveller I seemed  
Toiling along, uncomfited, alone,  
Upon a trodden way, as hard as stone,  
Longing to rest my weary limbs and feet,  
Craving for cooling draught and strength'ning meat.  
I paused and looked for some true, guiding friend  
To give me these and point my journey's end.  
Anon, I heard a voice—"The while you wait,  
Pray let me shew you man's primordial state,"  
And he who spoke, before my tear-dimmed eyes  
Spread out a pictured Ape, then in this wise  
Resumed—"Tis well that now we know  
How, in the dimness of the long-ago,  
From such as *this* man sprang—nay slowly grew,  
Evolved and perfected the ages through.  
My theories are all complete,"—but here  
I turned away; another standing near  
Chimed in—"My friend, if you are wise at all,  
At once you'll let your old ideas fall  
About the wrong and right, and conscience' sway.  
Conscience—an outcome of heredity.  
No voice Divine, nay, nothing is Divine,  
And as for right and wrong—these Ethics (mine)  
Tell all there is of that. By reasoning, slow  
And *scientific*, all these things I know."  
"What do you know?" cried one, upon whose face  
Dulness and apathy had equal place.  
"I nothing *know*, either of what has been  
In time gone by, or what will be, or e'en  
Of what now is; I know not what you are,  
Nor what I am—indeed, by yonder star,  
(If 'tis the evening star) I do not know  
Whether I *am* at all or not, and so  
I say again I nothing know." 'Twere vain  
Help to expect from such as he; 'tis plain  
That he who nothing knows can nothing tell,  
And so I turned from him. "Pilgrims, 'twere well  
To list to me," an even voice I heard,  
"Ascend this cliff of Thought, your sight is blurred  
By lower levels and by grosser air;  
Up here 'tis purer far than anywhere.  
A man can live on thought. The glorious Mind!  
In it the highest, greatest good I find."  
"But," I returned, "I seek to know my way,  
And now I look for rest, not climbing—pray,  
Canst give me that?—and then some means devise  
By which this way, so tortuous to my eyes,  
Can be made plain." He stood in silence, when  
One of a band of gay, loud-laughing men,  
Lightly his hand upon my shoulder laid  
And cried, "My solemn friend, art not afraid  
Of Thought's bare heights? You'd surely starve up there!  
But come with me and I shall lead you where  
In goodly company and reckless ease,  
You may be glad, and live yourself to please."  
"But then," I questioned, holding back, "my way—  
Canst make it plain?" His mocking laugh was gay  
As he replied, "Of that you need not think,  
Do as we do—be merry, eat and drink."  
From Thought's high cliff a quiet voice came down,  
"The fairest flowers, the sternest heights may crown."  
Then, turning from the jovial crowd away,  
I cried to him upon the height, "Oh, say  
Why then, oh friend, the sadness of your voice,  
If, as it seems, you've made the wisest choice?"  
He answered not, but, as I looked, his face  
Was weary, and his hungry eyes did trace  
The stony way, and then I knew that he,  
No more than I, the onward path could see.  
As still I paused, the voices seemed to take  
A louder tone—they of the jovial make,  
And he who nothing knew, the loudest spoke.  
Freeing myself from all with sudden stroke,  
I forward pressed, but soon each weary limb  
Refused a further strain—my eyes did swim,  
And sinking, bruised, upon the stony way  
I lifted up my voice to Heaven to pray,  
Fearing what new distresses might betide.  
Straightway, a voice I heard so near my side:—  
"Come unto Me, thou weary one, and gain  
Rest, blessed rest, and from my hand obtain  
The Bread of Life, the Living Water pure,  
And follow Me, my ways are all secure.  
Place but thy hand in mine, and safely, then,  
Over the rocky steep, or noisome fen,  
Thou shalt be borne, secure from all that harms,  
For, 'neath thee, reach the everlasting Arms."

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

A suspected joint in a sewer may be tested by wrapping it with a single layer of white muslin, moistened with a solution of acetate of lead. As the gas escapes through the meshes of the cloth, it will be blackened by the sulphur compounds.



## A REVIEW.

MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1535, ON BOARD  
JACQUES CARTIER'S LITTLE SQUADRON, NEAR  
HARE POINT, ON THE ST. CHARLES,  
AT QUEBEC.

(Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier.—ERNEST MYRAND.)

## II.

In a previous chapter it was our pleasant office to follow the erratic footsteps of Ernest Myrand, led by his genial phantom, as far as the threshold of the Basilica, in Quebec, on the eve of Christmas, 1535. We left him within its sacred portals at a quarter to twelve, with a few minutes to spare before the intonation of Midnight Mass.

We must now prepare for one of those wondrous feats peculiar to fairy tales, where genii convey their heroes through the realms of space with slender regard to time or distance.

Fully three miles intervene between the Basilica—the trysting place of our two mysterious visitors at a quarter to twelve—and the Lairet stream,\* where the Grande Hermine, the Petite Hermine and the Emerillon, Cartier's craft, were laid up for the winter of 1535-6. For all that, the eager pilgrims are expected to reach the spot in time for Midnight Mass, celebrated there three hundred and fifty years ago.

After trudging briskly over the crisp, whitened surface, glistening under the bright starry Canadian skies, the benighted travellers struck on a dense wood, where Donnacona, the great Sachem of Stadacona, and his unreliable—shall we say—unfriendly warriors, held sway. They both crossed it very cautiously—in the deepest silence—lest even the snapping of a dry twig might rouse from their lairs the quick-eared and light-footed foe. Soon they reached the bank of a frozen river, which the great explorer of Canadian wilds had called Ste. Croix, on account of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, on the 14th of September, 1535, when he entered it. To Donnacona it was known as Cabir Coubat, which means "many windings." Eighty years afterwards the Recollet Friars named it the Saint Charles, in honour of Charles de Boies, Grand Vicaire de Pontoise, the pious ecclesiastic, who founded their mission in New France. Presently, whilst listening in rapt silence to the faint sound of a bell, as if a great distance off, they were startled by meeting two stalwart Indians, dragging along a toboggan with a dead caribou.

"Who are they and where are they going?" asked Mr. Myrand.

"They are," replied the phantom, "Jacques Cartier's interpreters—Taignoagny and Domagaya. They are going to Stadacona."

And I marvelled how he could know all this. Passing over the singular and striking resemblance between the spectre pointed out to his travelling friend between the contour of the Lairet stream and Jacques Cartier's familiar profile, Ernest Myrand was plodding on meditatively, pondering in his own mind as to whether Donnacona's Indian capital really occupied, as Laverdière had said, the site at the Coteau Ste. Geneviève, whereon St. John's Suburbs would be built in after years, when the phantom, stopping short, outstretched the transparent hand, pointing excitedly to these objects in view round the point, exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice, "Jacques Cartier's three ships!"

Really, Monte Cristo Dumas could not have pronounced in a more dramatic way "*Mes Trois Mousquetaires*!"

The author favours us next with an elaborate discussion as to the size, build and ornament of the discoverer's vessels: The diminutive ocean-craft of other days, such, for instance, the cockle-shell with which, in 1598, the Marquis de la Roche crossed the Atlantic—"que du pont, on pouvait se laver les mains dans la mer"—so very small and low in the water "that a person from deck could, according to an old narrative, wash his hands in the sea." Two hundred and twenty-five years later, in 1860, the Great Eastern, 22,500 tons, would be steaming past a mile or more to the east of where La Grande Hermine and her two consorts were safely wintering in 1535—after braving the perils of the stormy Atlantic.

But let us hurry on, heedless of the wealth of antiquarian lore so profusely spread through Mr. Myrand's curious dialogue, and advance closer to the historic Grande Hermine, where we will be formally introduced to the St. Malo captain, his devoted lieutenants and intrepid mariners—all fully described and identified. We must refer the reader, for further particulars of this very interesting portion of Canadian history, to the several prize essays, just published on Jacques Cartier and his times.

## LA GRANDE HERMINE.

Dom Guillaume Le Breton, the first almoner of the fleet, in the absence of his surplised colleague, Dom Anthoine, was just then reading from the sacred book the account of

\*The Lairet stream, says Abbé Chs. Trudelle, borrows its name from François Lairet, one of the pioneer settlers at Charlesbourg—*Histoire de Charlesbourg*.

†A striking sketch of both appear at page 77 of Mr. Myrand's work.

‡The tonnage of Cartier's three ships is given as follows:—The Grande Hermine, 120 tons; the Petite Hermine, 60 tons; the Emerillon, 40 tons.

§Four medals were offered by His Honour Lieut.-Governor Angers to competitors for prize Essays—subject: "Jacques Cartier and His Times." Silver medal awarded by judges to Joseph Pope, Civil Servant, Ottawa; silver medal, Dr. N. E. Dionne, Quebec; bronze medal, H. B. Stephens, Montreal; silver medal, Touon de Longrais, Rennes, France.

the birth of Christ, of the Star in the East, of the Magi, when the spectre drew the attention of his companion to the joyful Christmas decoration of the ship. The hull was hidden under wreaths of evergreen, taken from the neighbouring spruce and pine forest; the port-holes festooned alike; in the aft part of the main cabin, encircled in a shield of small arms, floated, conspicuously, the white banner of Francis I., with the word "France" in large letters on a white ground; the sailors bore lighted tapers, whose flame brought out, in this improvised *chambre ardente* in strong relief, the blue uniforms of the stalwart Breton sailors, who surrounded their respected chief—easily recognisable by his sharp features and long flowing beard—who was next to his lieutenants—Marc Jalobert, master and pilot of the Petite Hermine, and Guillaume Le Breton Bastille, master and pilot of the Emerillon.

## LA PETITE HERMINE.

Laverdière's ghost then beckoned me to follow. We crossed over the frozen space lying between the Grande Hermine and her consort, the Petite Hermine, and climbed her low side and descended to the cabin below through its dimly lit companion ladder.

A strange, an overpowering spectacle awaited us in the narrow abode. For an instant I fancied I was stalking through the sick wards of the Hotel Dieu Hospital.

Careful precautions had been taken to exclude the icy breath of winter from this miserable den, whose inmates—plague-stricken and forlorn—twenty-five all told—were writhing in anguish and tossing in disturbed dreams, and visions of the homes of their youth. Here were huddled in rows in their hammocks the victims of the terrible disease—*le mal de terre*—known as scurvy, with swollen gums, cancerous and loathsome pustules over their persons, which made them pray for death as a release from their intolerable sufferings. The atmosphere was too close and unhealthy, even for a ghost. We were hurrying away and cast our eyes for a last time on this array of suffering humanity, when we spied Dom Anthoine leaning over the emaciated form of a scorbutic subject, a Breton, by name Reumenel, whom he was trying to rouse by telling him of the birth of a Saviour; but the sick man, turning away his face, uttered in despair the words, "Landerneau, my dear village."

The author then presents, in connection with the Petite Hermine, transformed by Cartier for the nonce into an hospital ship, a vivid, very circumstantial, enumeration of the afflicted tars—their names, origin, etc. St. Malo, Lorient, Quiberon, St. Bruno, St. Cast, Dol, Landerneau could each count more than one sturdy son among the scorbutic patients. Several could doubtless have been saved had Chief Donnacona announced earlier his infallible Indian cure—a decoction of spruce boughs, styled "A-meda," and subsequently applied with wondrous success.\* In the midst of Dom Anthoine's errand of mercy, a loud report shook the timbers of the vessel, and the roused sick sailors, realizing at once its meaning, made an effort to leave their hammocks. It was a salvo of guns from Jacques Cartier's fort, built close by, fired at the elevation of the Host in the Grande Hermine. Forgetting for an instant their anguish, the sick men tried to repeat after their kind monitor the sweet, solemn, old anthem of the Roman Catholic liturgy—*Veni Creator Spiritus!* Amidst the moans of the dying sailors, racked with the dear memories of that unforgotten home far away across the sea, La Bretagne, we left the cabin of the Petite Hermine and emerged into the keen wintry air, with the sound of Cartier's salvo of artillery still booming in our ears, reverberated by the wild echoes of the Laurentides Mountains to the north.

## THE EMERILLON.

On quitting the dismal infirmary of the Petite Hermine, the weird travellers, according to Mr. Myrand, agreed to call at and inspect Jacques Cartier's solid palisaded fort, erected by him on the shore of the St. Charles, close by, as a protection against Indian surprises.

Laverdière attempted to force open its massive door. It yielded not, however, to his ghostly effort. The noise called forth a loud and prolonged yelping from the Indian curs in the neighbourhood, which soon was taken up and responded to by the dogs of Stadacona. The din was increased by the shrill bark of foxes and dismal howling of some hungry wolves prowling about the thickets on the neighbouring heights.

"There, there lies the Emerillon," ejaculated Laverdière. Not my old favorite, the swift Emerillon,† of the Quebec Yacht Club, but Jacques Cartier's tiny ocean craft.

It is especially, when trying to portray such thrilling scenes as the one that follows, that the sober-minded historian fails and has to admit his inferiority, for effect, compared to the narrator of the Jules Verne romantic school. Here shines Ernest Myrand.

\*Scurvy—*le mal de terre*—was supposed to be caused by too prolonged a use of salted meat as food. It was not confined to New France. Benjamin Sulte notices its ravages in Acadia in 1604-5.

†The presence of Roman Catholic priests with Cartier on his second voyage to Canada, is a question much debated by commentators. The student of Canadian history is referred to the excellent prize Essays on Jacques Cartier, recently published, which sum up nearly all the available evidence *pro* and *con*. Mr. Joseph Pope in his Essay, after adducing many curious texts and authorities, leaves it an open question, pp. 62, 69, 95; whilst Dr. N. E. Dionne, in his volume, pronounces for the affirmative, pp. 120, 121, 283, 284, 286—"Adhuc sub judice lis est."

‡One of the favourite amusements of the abbé, in his later years, was cruising about the Quebec harbour in one of the Quebec Yacht Club's crafts.

"In a trice," says Myrand, "we had reached the Emerillon's deck, removed the forehatch and descended into the forecabin, where a small binnacle lamp threw around an uncertain glare. The flame flickered as the night wind entered through two port-holes, such as ships-of-war had in the olden time. There was perceptible a strong smell as of spruce boards recently planed. In the centre, on blocks, rested a box seven feet long by two feet high. Around it a carpenter's tool chest, a book and some nails with a hammer."

"What did it contain, and the workmen, where were they?"

The spectre, taking down from the ceiling the suspended lamp, allowed its uncertain light to fall on the singular object. "O horror! I saw it was a coffin and that it held the dead body of a man—Philippe de Rougemont," says Ernest Myrand.

The discovery of the remains of young de Rougemont, of Amboise, France—deceased about 32 years of age—the only follower whose death Cartier mentions by name in his narrative, furnishes the author with material for a very touching forecast of the sorrow in store for de Rougemont's poor mother when Cartier's squadron shall return to St. Malo without her son. But of the striking passage, like many others in the volume, we are compelled to omit more notice for lack of space.

Soon Guillaume Sequart and Jehan Duvert, ship carpenters, aided by Eustache Grossin, mariner, made their appearance to prepare the body of their dead companion for interment, performing the solemn duty amidst expressions of deep regret at the early demise of one so full of bright promise.

De Rougemont was tenderly placed on a layer of green, fragrant spruce boughs, in his rude coffin, preparatory to being buried under twelve feet of snow at the mouth of the St. Michel stream, which empties in the St. Charles, as a precautionary measure against the assaults of the ravenous Indian dogs and wild animals infesting the surrounding forest.

The work, or rather the chapter, closes with an account of the discovery to take place at this spot of the decaying timbers of the Petite Hermine, three centuries later, in 1843, by Joseph Hamel, City Engineer, of Quebec. Ample details of this antiquarian *trouvaille* appear in Neilson's old *Quebec Gazette*, in the *Quebec Mercury* and in *Le Canadien*, over the signatures of Geo. B. Faribault and Dr. John Charlton Fisher, of Quebec. Every page of *Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier* abounds with historical data, with most copious texts in the foot notes in support of Mr. Myrand's application of the Jules Verne process to popularize Canadian history. With the favourable testimony it elicited from the late Rector of the *Ecole Normale-Laval*, at Quebec, Revd. L. N. Begin,\* as to the historical matter and Mr. Myrand's mode of treating it, we are happy to agree, hoping this first wont be the last literary effort of the youthful author of *Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier*.

J. M. LE MOINE.

Spencer Grange, Christmas Eve, 1889.

\*Since created Bishop of the Saguenay Diocese, at Chicoutimi. See his able letter printed as an Introduction to Mr. Myrand's Volume.

## MILLET'S PICTURES.

Since Millet's death his pictures have become enormously valuable, and now the smallest sketch in colour by him will fetch more than the 2,000 francs first paid for his *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Angelus." Generally it is believed that it has been the *marchands des tableaux* who have profited by their rise in value, but this is not quite the case. Dealers in pictures do not purchase works of art to lay by for many years: their business is to buy and sell as rapidly as they can. It is the rich connoisseur, the man who has knowledge enough to judge for himself, or wit enough to get hold of an honest dealer, who purchases a work and lets it hang for a dozen years in his "collection," and then sells it for two or three times the amount he has paid for it, who eventually reaps the benefit. The sale on May 11, 1875, of Millet's sketches and pictures left at his death realized for the family the remarkable sum of 332,110 francs (£13,284). This being so, the story of Millet's widow finding insufficient the pension given her by the State is merely a pretty legend which gives a very misleading idea of the true position. With three hundred thousand francs in *rentes*, any artist's wife, especially one coming from the ranks of the peasantry, should not require any addition to her pension. But this is the kind of fiction which has grown up around Millet's name. During the exhibition of Millet's works in 1887, nearly every newspaper in Paris spoke of the profound distress in which the artist lived and died. But the other side of the picture is quite as interesting and far more true, and it is the one at which all unprejudiced minds will ultimately arrive. To sum up. We have, in considering Millet's career, to remember that, although he was often in straits for money, he was also—from the beginning applauded and encouraged by his people at home; pensioned by his native town to assist him in his studies; commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon in 1859 to paint an important picture; very happy in his family life; the friend of some of the best artists of his time; and the centre of a group of connoisseurs who thoroughly appreciated his talent, although they could not buy all his works.—*Magazine of Art*.



## RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, it is not a varnishy liquid which marks you "kalsomined" as distinctly, even at several yards' distance, as though the letters were branded across your brow. It is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial to the complexion, and would restore its texture and colour even though it were used at night and removed in the morning, as the Cream should be.

Récamier Lotion, which has in it a proportion of the Almond meal so much talked of, called, through its wonderful success in removing freckles and moth patches, "Moth and Freckle Lotion," is perhaps the most marvellous in its results of any of the articles known as "Récamiers." It will remove Freckles and Moth Patches, is soothing and efficacious in any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after an hour spent in the streets or travelling. It is a most desirable substitute for the cologne and waters which many ladies use for want of something better.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured: the bolting cloth through which it is sifted is made of such finely woven silk that no other powder, French or American, will go through it. It is guaranteed free from bismuth, lead or arsenic, and should be used as well in the nursery as for the toilet of older persons. It is a delightful powder for gentlemen after shaving, and has the advantage of staying on, and will not make the face shine.

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The RÉCAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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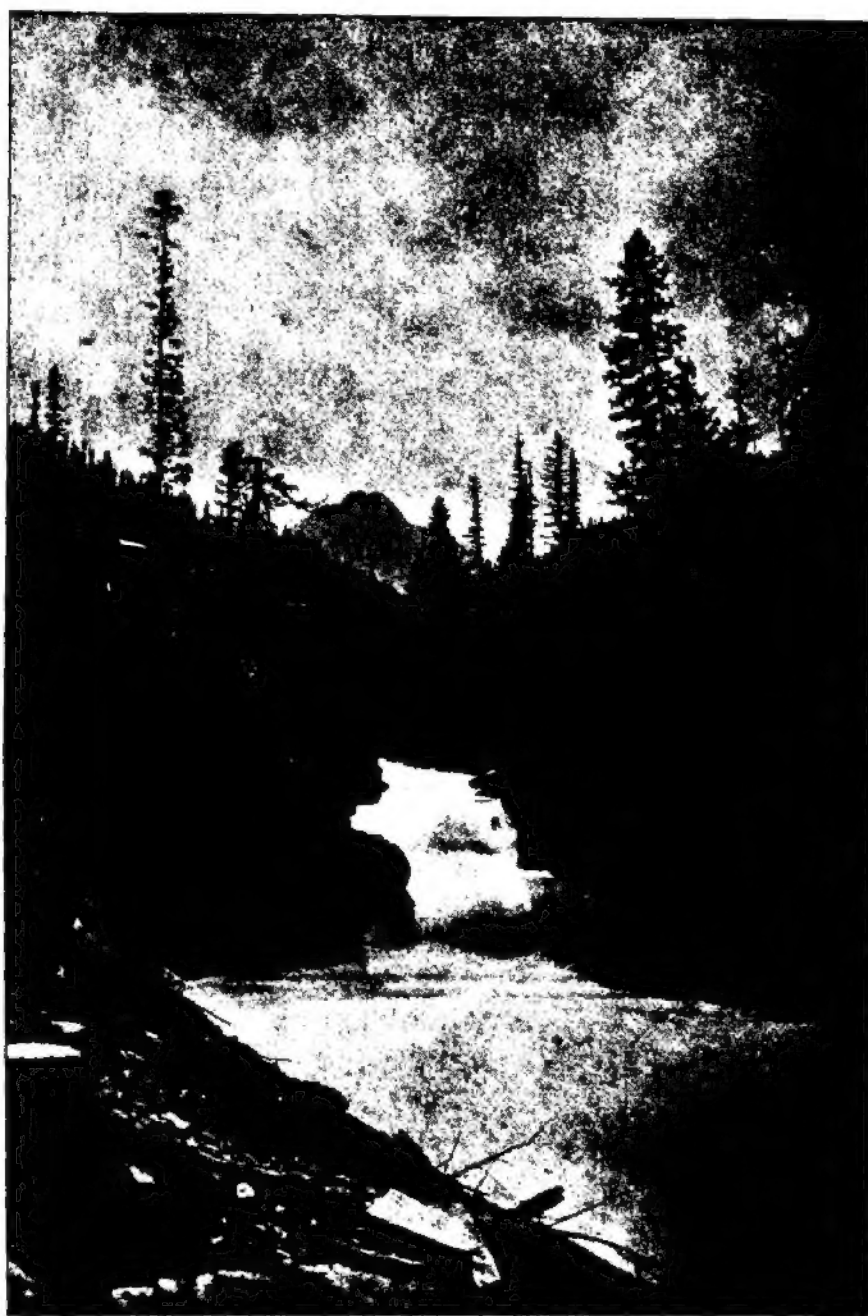
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## THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

Every one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. The poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river in to the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile. The feast of Khalig which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shrieking victim that was formerly immolated. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors.



THE "GATEWAY," SELKIRKS.

## HUMOUROUS.

GREAT ACTRESS: Hereafter I shall play but once a week. I can make more profitable use of my time in another line of art. Admirer: But how? "Writing testimonials for soap manufacturers."

Jack Pott (presumably in love with his employer's daughter): Is Mr. Cassimere in? Servant: Yes, sir! Jack Pott (horribly disappointed): Well, I'm glad to hear it. He might catch cold outside—beastly weather. Good night.

"Why, Mr. Brownstudy, I am afraid you have hurt your foot, you limp so." "O, not at all; the fact is that day after to-morrow is my wife's birthday, and I have these last eight days been wearing a pebble in my boot so as not to forget it, you know."

"WELL, Mose, I see your fondness for chickens has got you into trouble again. Why can't you eat something else?" The Culprit: "Deed, Mar's Brown, I would, cheerfully; but how's a po' nigger to carry a whole sheep off under his jacket?"

WATCHMAN (breathlessly): The boy's dormitory is on fire, and, if they find it out, they'll stop to save their foot-balls, bats, and things, and perish. Boarding-school principal (quickly): Notify the boys that all who are not downstairs in two minutes won't get any pie.

A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it, and told to say "presume" instead. One day, on telling a caller how her mother made her aprons, she said: "Mamma don't cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern. She just looks at me, and presumes!"

"Salem! Salem!" called out the conductor, as a train rolled into the station the other day. "What!" said an old lady, turning to the judge, "Is this the place where they hung witches?" "Yes, yes," replied the judge, with a twinkle in his eye, "but be calm, madam, they don't do it now."

A Sunday school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now,

children," she said: "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth: can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

A HIGHLAND HIT.—Andy: Is it thrue, Angus, mo bhoye, that the bagpipes frightened the noightingale ou av yer counthory?" Angus: Maype ay, ant maype comphum. Put, my lat, there's one sing tat te pipes—pless her—wull no couldt do, ant it's shust tiss, whateffer: she'll no couldt frichtet awaay to Irishman! H'm!

STOOD UP FOR HIM.—"Do you think your sister likes me Tommy?" "Yes. She stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me? Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No; nothin' much. Father said he thought you were a good deal of an ass, but Sis right up and said you wasn't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—"Oh, I say, old man, I wish you'd run up stairs and hunt for my aunt, and bring her down to supper. She's an old lady, in a red body, and a green skirt. And a blue and yellow train, with an orange bird of paradise in her cap. You can't possibly mistake her. Say I sent you!" "Awfully sorry, old man, but—a—I'm totally colour-blind, you know. Just been tested!" [Exit in a hurry.]

A priest the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "Tis a state of torment into which sows enter to prepare them for another and a better world." "Bein'," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down to the fut of the class," said the curate. "Leave her alone," said the priest. "For anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

All plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Laws discovered that an acre of barley will take up 1,094 tons of water in two days. Trees and plants are composed more largely of water than any other substance. The branch of a tree will lose nine-tenths of its weight by drying.

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## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

### DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

### A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.